PARADISE

779 1829

LOST.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S ... NAL.

—— *every greatly amiable muse*
Of elder ages in thy Milton met;
His was the treasure of two thousand years,
Seldom indulged to man; a god-like mind,
Unlimited, and various, as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; soft as the talk
Of our grand Parents, and as Heaven sublime.

THOMSON.

PARADISE LOST,

A POEM

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

ACCORDING TO THE AUTHOR'S LAST EDITION, IN THE YEAR 1672.

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M.DCC.L.

THE VERSE.

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rime being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame meeter; grac't indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe than elſe they would have expreſt them. Not without cauſe therefore ſome both Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Engliſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learn'd ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This

neglect then of rime so little is to be taken
a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to
gar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd
example set, the first in English, of ancient
berty, recover'd to heroic poem from
troublesome and modern bondage of rimin

THE ARGUMENTS.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE first book proposes first in brief the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driv'n out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. which action past over, the poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting satan with his angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the center (for heav'n and earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd chaos: here satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in canaan and the countries adjoining, to these satan directs his speech, comforts them with hopes yet of regaining heav'n, but tells them lastly

of a new world, and new kind of creature to be c ated, according to an ancient prophesie, or report heaven; for that angels were long before this visi creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathe to find out the truth of this prophesie, and what determine thereon he refers to a full council. wh his associates thence attempt. Pandaemonium, the pa lace of satan rises, suddenly built o of the deep: th infernal peers there sit in council.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE consultation begun, satan debates wheth another battle be to be hazarded for the rec very of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by sata to search the truth of that prophesie or tradition i heav'n concerning another world, and another kin of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselve about this time to be created: their doubt who sh be sent on this difficult search: satan their chief un dertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applau ed. The council thus ended, the rest betake them se veral ways and to several employments, as their in clinations lead them, to entertain the time till sata return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, fin them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by who at length they are opened, and discover to him th great gulph between hell and heav'n; with what di ficulty he passes through, directed by chaos, the pow of that place, to the sight of this new world whi he sought.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

GOD sitting on his throne sees satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did satan, but by him seduc't. The son of God renders praises to his father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice; man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to god-head, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the father and the son. Mean while satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandring he first finds a place since called the lymbo of vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it; his passage thence

to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the reg[ent]
of that orb, but first changes himself into the sh[ape]
of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous de[sire]
to behold the new creation and man whom God h[ath]
plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habi[ta]tion, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphate[s].

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the pla[ce] where he must now attempt the bold enterpri[ze] which he undertook alone against God and man, fal[ls] into many doubts with himself, and many passions[,] fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms him[-]self in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outwar[d] prospect and situation is described, overleaps th[e] bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tre[e] of life, as highest in the garden to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the deep, and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to

find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve, discourse of going to their rest: their bower describ'd; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, least the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from heav'n, flies out of Paradise.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

MORNING approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table; Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts

of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd: satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his father.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEAVENTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his son with

glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in ſix days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcenſion into heaven.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

ADAM inquires concerning celeſtial motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents, and ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve, his diſcourſe with the angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

SATAN having compaſt the earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart: Adam conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart the rather deſirous to make tryal of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields: the ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondring to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, aſks how he at

tain'd to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the ſerpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe pleas'd with the taſte deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance and accuſation of one another.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

MAN's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian angels forſake paradiſe, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his ſon to judge the tranſgreſſors, who deſcends and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death ſitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous ſympathie feeling the ſucceſs of satan in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in hell, but to follow satan their ſire up to the place of man: to make the way eaſier from hell to this world to and fro, they

pave a broad high-way or bridge over chaos, according to the track that satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. satan arrives at pandaemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their ofspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE son of God presents to his father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in paradise; sends Mi-

chael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TWELTH BOOK.

THE angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise; the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Roſe out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly thou o ſpirit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.
SAY firſt, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view

Nor the deep tract of hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal ſerpent; he it was whoſe guile
Stird up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt high,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſkie
With hideous ruine and combuſtion down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defie th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſht, rowling in the fiery gulph
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mixt with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:

At once as far as angels kenn he views
The dismal situation waste and wilde,
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n
As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhe'm'd
With Floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; but O how falln! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

that with reiterated crimes he might
heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
how all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhew'n
on man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
his mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires and rowl
in billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
that felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
he lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
with ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
and ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
torn from pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
of thundring ætna, whoſe combuſtible
and fewel'd intrals thence conceiving fire,
ſublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
and leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
with ſtench and ſmoak: ſuch reſting found the ſole
of unbleſt feet. him followed his next mate,
both glorying to have ſcap't the ſtygian flood
as gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
not by the ſufferance of ſupernal power.
is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
ſaid then the loſt arch-angel, this the ſeat
that we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom

For that celestial light? be it so, since he
who now is sov'rain can dispose and bid
what shall be right: farthest from him is best
whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made suprea
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
where joy for ever dwells: hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor: one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
what matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
we shall be free; th' almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Ly thus astonisht on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhapy mansion, or once more
with rallied arms to try what maybe yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell?
So satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
which but th' omnipotent none could have foyl'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft

worſt extreams, and on the perilous edge
battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
eir ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
w courage and revive, though now they ly
oveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
we erewhile, aſtounded and amaz'd,
wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.
E ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperiour fiend
as moving toward the ſhoar; his pondrous ſhield
hereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
hind him caſt; the broad circumference
ung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
rough optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
ev'ning from the top of Feſole,
in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
vers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
s ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
ewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
ſome great admiral, were but a wand,
e walkt with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
ver the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
n heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
mote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire;
athleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the beach
f that inflammed ſea, he ſtood and call'd
is legions, angel forms, who lay intrans't
hick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
n Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
igh overarch't imbowr; or ſcatter'd ſedge
float, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
ath vext the red ſea coaſt, whoſe waves o'rethrew

Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their flotting carkaſes
And broken chariot wheels; ſo thick beſtrown,
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriers, the flower of heav'n, once yours, now loſt
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal ſpirits; or have ye choſ'n this place
After the toil of battel to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the conquerour, who now beholds
Cherub and ſeraph rowling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abaſht, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd.

innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon in Ægypt's evil day
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted ſpear
Of their great ſultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd
By their rebellion, from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names, till wandring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the trial of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake

God their creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities;
Then were they known to men by various names
And various idols, through the heathen world.
Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who la
Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?
The chief were those who from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites, and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon, nor content with such

udacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
f Solomon he led by fraud to build
is temple right against the temple of God
n that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
he pleasant vally of Hinnon, Tophet thence
nd black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
ext Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
rom Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
f southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
nd Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
he flowry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
nd Eleale to th' Asphaltick pool.
eor his other name, when he entic'd
rael in Sittim on their march from Nile
o do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
et thence his lustful orgies he inlarg'd
ven to that hill of scandal, by the grove
f Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
ill good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
ith these came they, who from the bordering flood
f old Euphrates to the brook that parts
gypt from Syrian ground, had general names
f Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
hese feminine. for spirits when they please
an either sex assume, or both; so soft
nd uncompounded is their essence pure,
ot ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
or founded on the brittle strength of bones,
ike cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse
ilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
an execute their airy purposes,

And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummers day,
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:

In obscure some glimps of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be up-rear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc't
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphick arms and trophies: all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forrest huge of spears: and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To hight of noblest temper hero's old
Arming to battel, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh and doubt and fear and ſorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil; and now
Advanc't in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriers old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods,
Their number laſt he ſumms. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hardning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man,
Met ſuch embodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more then that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebs and Ilium, on each ſide
Mixt with auxiliar gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel
Jouſted in Aſpramount or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore

At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood must be resolv'd.
He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clasp'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallick ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when bands
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'ns pavement, trod'n gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And dig'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art * found out the massie ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind

* *Founded the massie ore,* Bently.

To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where Pylaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures grav'n,
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fixt her ſtately highth, and ſtrait the dores
Op'ning their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within her ample ſpaces, o're the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendant by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes, whom the ſupreme king
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchie, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unhear'd or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o're the chryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos th' Ægean iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high towrs; nor did he ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets ſound throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandaemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds and with thouſands trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the ſoldan's chair
Defi'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Bruſh't with the hiſs of ruſtling wings. As bees
In ſpring-time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive

In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built cittadel,
New-rubb'd with baum, expatiate and confer
Their ſtate affairs. ſo thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till the ſignal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that pigmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairie elves,
Whoſe midnight revels, by a forreſt ſide
Or fountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and dan
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves
The great ſeraphic lords and cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat
A thouſand demy-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The End of the firſt Book.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Showrs on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplaid.
Powers and dominions, deities of heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſt and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate:
Me though juſt right, and the fixt laws of heav'n
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſht in a ſafe unenvied throne
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes

premoſt to ſtand againſt the thunderer's aim
our bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
f endleſs pain? where there is then no good
or which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
rom faction; for none ſure will claim in hell
recedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
f preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
vill covet more. with this advantage then
o union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
ore than can be in heav'n, we now return
o claim our juſt inheritance of old,
urer to proſper than proſperity
could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
whether of open war or cover'd guile,
we now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
HE ceas'd, and next him MOLOC, ſcepter'd king
stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heav'n; now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' ETERNAL to be deem'd
EQUAL in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
went all his fear: of GOD, or hell, or worſe
HE reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
MY ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
MORE unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
contrive who need, or when they need, not now,
FOR while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
MILLIONS that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
THE ſignal to aſcend, ſit lingring here
HEAV'NS fugitives, and for their dwelling place
ACCEPT this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,

The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chuse
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury all at once
O're heav'ns high towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce foe hung on our brok'n rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,

The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to allarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory is yet revenge.
HE ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. on th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perswasive accent thus began.
I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd

Main reason to perswade immediate war,
Did not disswade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excells in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excells
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towrs of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expell
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,

let this be good, whether our angry foe
can give it, or will ever? how he can
is doubtful; that he never will is ſure.
will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
belike through impotence, or unaware,
to give his enemies their wiſh, and end
them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
to puniſh endleſs? wherefore ceaſe we then?
ſay they who counſel war, we are decreed,
reſerv'd and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
what can we ſuffer worſe? is this then worſt,
thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
what when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
with heav'ns afflicting thunder, and beſought
the deep to ſhelter us? this hell then ſeem'd
a refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
what if the breath that kindl'd thoſe grim fires
awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage
and plunge us in the flames? or from above
ſhou'd intermitted vengeance arm again
his red right hand to plague us? what if all
her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
one day upon our heads; while we perhaps
deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
caught in a fierie tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
each on his rock transfixt, the ſport and prey
of racking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk

Under yon boyling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriv'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end; this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſwades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's hight
All theſe our motions vain, ſees and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupream foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfi'd
With what is puniſh't; whence theſe raging fires

ll ſlack'n, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
r purer eſſence then will overcome
eir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
temper and in nature, will receive
miliar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
is horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light,
ſides what hope the never-ending flight
future days may bring, what chance, what chang
orth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
r happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
HUS Belial with words cloath'd in reaſon's garb
ounſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
ot peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake,
ITHER to diſenthrone the king of heav'n
e war, if war be beſt, or to regain
ur own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
ay hope, when everlaſting fate ſhall yield
o fickle chance, and chaos judge the ſtrife:
he former vain to hope argues as vain
he latter: for what place can be for us
within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's lord ſuprem
we overpower? ſuppoſe he ſhould relent
nd publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
ſtand in his preſence humble, and receive
ſtrict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
with warbl'd hymns, and to his godhead ſing
forc't hallelujahs; while he lordly ſits
our envied ſov'ran, and his altar breaths

Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, tho' in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'ns all-ruling fire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders ro[ar]
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desart soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gemms and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires

[A]s soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
[I]nto their temper; which must needs remove
[T]he sensible of pain. All things invite
[T]o peaceful counsels, and the settled state
[O]f order, how in safety best we may
[C]ompose our present evils, with regard
[O]f what we are and * where, dismissing quite
[A]ll thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.
[H]E scarce had finisht, when such murmur fill'd
[T]he assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
[T]he sound of blustering winds, which all night long
[H]ad rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
[Se]a-faring men o'rewatcht, whose bark by chance
[O]r pinnace anchors in a craiggy bay
[A]fter the tempest: such applause was heard
[A]s Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
[A]dvising peace: for such another field
[T]hey dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
[O]f thunder and the sword of Michael
[W]rought still within them; and no less desire
[T]o found this nether empire, which might rise
[B]y policy, and long process of time,
[I]n emulation opposite to heav'n.
[W]hich when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
[S]atan except, none higher sat, with grave
[A]spect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
[A] pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
[D]eliberation sat and publick care;
[A]nd princely counsel in his face yet shone,
[M]ajestick though in ruin: sage he stood
[W]ith Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

* *First Edition. all the rest. were*

The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones and imperial powers, off-ſpring of heav'n,
Ethereal virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtile be call'd
Princes of hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the king of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,
In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Voutſaf't or ſought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,

Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. what if we find
Some easier enterprise? there is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or suttlety: though heav'n be shut,
And heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
By sudden onset, either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion, and our joy up-raiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling ſons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt deviſ'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? but their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal ſtates, and joy
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam

Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires
Shall breath her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world, whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy iſle; what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
THIS ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpence, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſate mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſht: none among the choice and prime
Of thoſe heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,

With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our priſon ſtrong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs.
These paſt, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential night receives him next
Wide-gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulph.
If thence he ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs
Than unknown danger and as hard eſcape.
But I ſhould ill become this throne, o peers,
And this imperial ſov'ranty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of publick moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. wherefore do I aſſume
These royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? go therefore mighty powers,
Terrour of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite or deceive, or ſlack the pain

of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, leaſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But th
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extoll him equal to the higheſt in heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſht o're with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended rejoycing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring element
Scowls o're the dark'ned landſkipt ſnow, or ſhow'r;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet

Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levie cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes anow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction wait.
The ſtygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers,
Midſt came their mighty Paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' antagoniſt of heav'n, nor leſs
Than hell's dread emperour with pomp ſupream,
And god-like imitated ſtate; him round
A globe of fierie ſeraphim inclos'd
With bright emblazonrie, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Toward the four winds four ſpeedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchymie
By harald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of hell
With deafning ſhout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wandring, each his ſeveral way

Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fierie ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd ſkie, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airie knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vaſt Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould enthral to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended hell, and took with raviſhment

he thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,)
thers apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
n thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
f providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
ixt fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
nd found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.
f good and evil much they argu'd then,
f happineſs and final miſery,
aſſion and apathie, and glory and ſhame,
ain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
et with a pleaſing ſorcerie could charm
ain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
allacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
ith ſtubborn patience as with triple ſteel.
nother part in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
n bold adventure to diſcover wide
hat diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
ight yield them eaſier habitation, bend
our ways their flying march, along the banks
f four infernal rivers that diſgorge
nto the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
bhorred ſtyx the flood of deadly hate,
d Acheron of ſorrow, black and deep;
cytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
ard on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegeton
hoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
r off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
the the river of oblivion rowls
r watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
rthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,

Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy footed furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink;
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The foord, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous band
With ſhuddring horror pale, and eyes agaſt

iew'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
o reſt: through many a dark and drearie vale
hey paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
're many a frozen, many a fierie Alpe,
ocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of
universe of death, which God by curſe [death,
reated evil, for evil only good,
here all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
erverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
bominable, inutterable, and worſe
han fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
orgons and Hydra's, and chimeras dire.
EAN while the adverſary of God and man,
tan with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
uts on ſwift wings, and towards the gates of hell
xplores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
e ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
ow ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoares
p to the fiery concave towring high.
s when far off at ſea a fleet deſcri'd
angs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
oſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iſles
Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
eir ſpicie drugs: they on the trading flood
rough the wide Ethiopian to the cape
y ſtemming nightly toward the pole. ſo ſeem'd
r off the flying fiend: at laſt appear
ll bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
nd thrice threefold the gates; three folds were braſs,
hree iron, three of adamantine rock,
penetrable, impal'd with circling fire,

Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If aught diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhor'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd, that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th'undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,

Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
WHENCE and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from GOD, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Least with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the griesly terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incenst with indignation SATAN stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge

In th' Artic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds
With heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo matcht they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O FATHER, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? what fury O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate're his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids,
His wrath which one day will deſtroy ye both.
SHE ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore, then theſe to her Satan return'd:
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale firſt met thou call'ſt
Me father, and that fantaſm call'ſt my ſon?
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' WHOM thus the portreſs of hell gate reply'd;
Haſt thou forgot me then? and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the ſeraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's king,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwumm
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me ſin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell

riv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
nto this deep, and in the general fall
alſo; at which time this powerful key
nto my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
hefe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſat
lone, but long I ſat not; till my womb
regnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown
rodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
t laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemie
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded Death.
I fled, but he purſu'd (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt then rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmaid,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters that with ceaſleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſawſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me, for when they liſt into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou o father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the suttle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of heav'n, and therein plac't

race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a gaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'rematcht by living * might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compaſt round

* *1ſt, and 2d. Edit.* wight *3d. and 4th Edit.*

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge porcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massie iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal dores, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. she open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth

nd time and place are loſt; where eldeſt night
nd chaos, anceſtors of nature, hold
ternal Anarchie, amidſt the noiſe
f endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
or hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fi
trive here for maiſtrie, and to battle bring
heir embryon atoms; they around the flag
f each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
ight-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow
warm populous, unnumber'd as the ſands
f Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
evied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
heir lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere
e rules a moment; chaos umpire ſits,
nd by deciſion more embroils the fray
y which he reigns: next him high arbiter
hance governs all. Into this wilde abyſs,
he womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
f neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
ut all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mixt
onfus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
nleſs th' almighty maker them ordain
is dark materials to create more worlds,
nto this wild abyſs the warie fiend
tood on the brink of hell and look'd a while,
ondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
with noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
great things with ſmall) then when Bellona ſtorms,
with all her battering engines bent to raſe
ſome capital city; or leſs than if this frame

Of heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutinie had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vannes
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoak
Uplifted ſpurns the ground, thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair aſcending rides
Audacious, but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud
Inſtinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie ſtay'd,
Quencht in a boggie ſyrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a Gryphon through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe o're hill or moarie dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtelth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet purſues his way,
And ſwims or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power

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Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutinie had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a boggie syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a Gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course o're hill or moarie dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stelth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O're bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power

r ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
ight in that noiſe reſide, of whom to ask
hich way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
ordering on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
f chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
ide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
at ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
he conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
rcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
f Demogorgon; Rumor next and chance,
nd Tumult and confuſion all imbroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers
And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
with purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm, but by conſtraint
wandring this darkſome deſart, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
what readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
confine with heav'n; or if ſome other place
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;

Your's be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
THUS ſatan; and him thus the anarch old
With fault'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againſt heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontieres here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve,
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroacht on ſtill through our inteſtine broils
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,
Hung o're my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that ſide heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havock and ſpoil and ruin are my gain.
HE ceas'd; and ſatan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more endanger'd, then when Argo paſs'd

hrough Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
r when ulysses on the larbord shunn'd
harybdis, and by th' other whirlpool stear'd.
he with difficulty and labour hard
ov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
ut he once past, soon after when man fell,
range alteration! sin and death amain
ollowing his track, such was the will of heav'n,
av'd after him a broad and beaten way
ver the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
amely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length
rom hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orbe
f this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
ith easie intercourse pass to and fro
o tempt or punish mortals, except whom
od and good angels guard by special grace.
ut now at last the sacred influence
f light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
hoots far into the bosom of dim night
glimmering dawn; here nature first begins
er fardest verge, and chaos to retire
s from her outmost works a brok'n foe
with tumult less and with less hostile din,
hat satan with less toil, and now with ease
wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
nd like a weather-beaten vessel holds
ladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
r in the emptier waste, resembling air,
weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
n circuit, undetermin'd square or round,

With opal towrs and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphire, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude cloſe by the moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurſt, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The End of the ſecond Book.

BOOK III.

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, [illegible]elt th[illegible]n in thee,
Bright effluence of brig[illegible]ence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pu[illegible]e ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle did inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and for[illegible]leſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap't the ſtygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne
With other notes than to th' orphean lyre
I ſung of chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſovran vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quencht their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wonder where the muſes haunt

Clear ſpring, or ſhaddie grove, or ſunnie hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong ; but chief
Thee ſion and the flowrie brooks beneath
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit : nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blanc
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou celeſtial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.
Now had the almighty father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he ſits
High thron'd above all highth bent down his eye,

His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only son foreseeing spake.
ONLY begotten son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,

d man there plac't, with purpoſe to eſſay
him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert;
r man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
d eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
le pledge of his obedience: ſo will fall
e and his faithleſs progenie: whoſe fault?
hoſe but his own? ingrate, he had of me
l he could have; I made him juſt and right,
fficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
h I created all th' ethereal powers
nd ſpirits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
eely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
ot free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
f true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
here only what they needs muſt do, appear'd,
ot what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
hat pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
hen will and reaſon (reaſon alſo is choice)
ſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
ade paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſitie,
ot me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
eir maker or their making, or their fate;
if predeſtination over-rul'd
eir will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
eir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
reknowledge had no influence on their fault,
hich had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
Without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of fate,

Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they chuse; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls deceiv'd
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his father shon
Substantially exprest, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his father spake.
O father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, where with thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the adverſarie thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine, ſhall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh't and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſpheam'd without defence.
To whom the great creator thus reply'd.
O ſon, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, ſon who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed:
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaft; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.

Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deitie, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoft'n ſtonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavor'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conſcience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be hard'n'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealtie, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo looſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath naught left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love,

ich of ye will be mortal to redeem
n's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave,
ells in all heav'n charity ſo deare?
aſk'd, but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
d ſilence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
ron or interceſſor none appear'd,
ch less that durſt upon his own head draw
e deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
d now without redemption all mankind
ſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to death and hell
doom ſevere, had not the ſon of god,
whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
s deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
THER, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
d ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
e ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
viſit all thy creatures, and to all
mes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
ppie for man, ſo coming; he her aid
n never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
onement for himſelf or offering meet,
debted and undone, hath none to bring:
hold me then, me for him, life for life
ffer, on me let thine anger fall;
count me man; I for his ſake will leave
y boſom, and this glory next to thee
ely put off, and for him laſtly die
ll pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
der his gloomie power I ſhall not long
vanquiſht; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
e in myſelf for ever, by thee I live,

Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vanted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of heav'n ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great father. Admiration ſeis'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wondring; but ſoon th' almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou

y sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
o me are all my works, nor man the least
hough last created, that for him I spare
hee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
y loosing thee a while, the whole race lost.
hou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
heir nature also to thy nature joyne;
nd be thyself man among men on earth,
ade flesh, when time shall be of virgin seed,
y wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
he head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
s in him perish all men, so in thee
s from a second root shall be restor'd,
s many as are restor'd, without thee none.
is crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit
mputed shall absolve them who renounce
heir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
nd live in thee transplanted, and from thee
eceive new life. so man, as is most just,
hall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,
nd dying rise, and rising with him raise
is brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
o heav'nly love shall outdoo hellish hate,
iving to death, and dying to redeem,
o dearly to redeem what hellish hate
o easily destroy'd, and still destroys
n those who, when they may, accept not grace.
or shalt thou by descending to assume
an's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
ecause thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
qual to God, and equally enjoying

God like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright ſon of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and man, ſon both of God and man,
Anointed univerſal king; all power
I give thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee as head ſupream
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In heaven or earth, or under earth in hell;
When thou attended glorioſly from heav'n
Shalt in the ſkie appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembl'd, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and angels, they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,

With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,
For regal scepter then no more shall need,
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant, a flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
Rowls o're Elisian flours her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a sea of jasper shon
Impurpl'd with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again their gold'n harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with praeamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce

Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in heav'n.
THEE Father firſt they ſung omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal king; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thy ſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazle heav'n, that brighteſt seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
Begotten ſon, divine ſimilitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſst the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample ſpirit reſts.
He heav'n of heav'ns and all the powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aſpiring dominations: thou that day
Thy father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o're the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring angels diſarraid.
Back from purſuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extol'd, ſon of thy father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,

Not ſo on man; him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercie and grace, thou didſt not doome
So ſtrictly, but much more to pitie encline:
No ſooner did thy dear and onely ſon
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity enclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy and juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For man's offence. O unexampl'd love,
Love no where to be found leſs than divine!
Hail ſon of God, ſaviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy father's praiſe disjoin.
THUS they in heav'n, above the ſtarry ſphere,
Their happie hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
From chaos and th' inroad of darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threatning ſtorms
Of chaos bluſtring round, inclement ſkie;
Save on that ſide which from the wall of heav'n
Though diſtant far ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air leſs vext with tempeſt loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in ſpacious field.

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
whoſe ſnowie ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Diſlodging from a region ſcarce of prey
To gorge the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids
on hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the ſprings
of Ganges or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
of Sericana, where Chineſes drive
with ſails and wind their canie waggons light:
so on this windie ſea of land, the fiend
walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or liveleſs to be found was none,
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
up hither like aerial vapours flew
of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin
with vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glorie or laſting fame,
or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
of painful ſuperſtition and blind zeal,
Naught ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccompliſht works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mixt,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints or middle ſpirits hold

Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
First from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and idiots, eremites and friers
White, black and grey, with all their trumperie.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the planets ſeven, and paſs the fixt,
And that cryſtalline ſphere whoſe ballance weighs
The trepidation talkt, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye ſee
Cowles, hoods and habits with their wearers toſt
And flutter'd into raggs, then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpences, pardons, bulls,

The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o're the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
All this dark globe the fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travell'd ſteps; far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven a ſtructure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſht, thick with ſparkling orient gemmes
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open ſkie,
And waking cri'd, This is the gate of heav'n.
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs, and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o're the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare

The fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the dores of bliss.
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Zion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to heav'n gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desart ways with peril gone
All night; at last by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First-seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,
The spirit maligne, but much more envy seiz'd
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

Round he ſurveys, and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopie
Of Night's extended ſhade; from eaſtern point
Of Libra to the fleecie ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds,
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves and flourie vales,
Thrice happy iſles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden ſun in ſplendor likeſt heav'n
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament; but up or down
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminarie
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-chearing lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,

Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, medal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Rubie or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chimic sun so far from us remote
Produces with terrestrial humour mixt
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon

culminate from th' æquator, as they now
shot upward still direct, whence no way round
shadow from body opaque can fall, and th'air,
No where so clear, sharp'n'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
saw within kenn a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
of beaming sunnie raies, a golden tiar
circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind
illustrious on his shoulders fledg'd with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge imploy'd
He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unhear'd, the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known

Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the seav'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O're sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
URIEL, for thou of those seav'n spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassie attend;
And here art likeliest by supream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest seraph tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powr'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebell foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss

reated this new happie race of men
o serve him better: wise are all his wayes.
o spake the fal e dissembler unperceiv'd;
or neither man nor angel can discern
ypocrisie, the only evil that walks
nvisible, except to God alone,
y his permissive will, through heav'n and earth;
nd oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
t wisdom's gate, and to simplicitie
esigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
here no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
riel, though regent of the sun, and held
he sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n;
ho to the fraudulent impostor foule
n his uprightness answer thus return'd.
aire angel, thy desire which tends to know
he works of God, thereby to glorifie
he great work-maister, leads to no excess
hat reaches blame, but rather merits praise
he more it seems excess, that led thee hither
rom thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
o witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
ontented with report hear only in heav'n:
or wonderful indeed are all his works,
leasant to know, and worthiest to be all
ad in remembrance alwayes with delight;
ut what created mind can comprehend
heir number, or the wisdom infinite
hat brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.
saw when at his word the formless mass,
his world's material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walles this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those loftie shades his bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,

Throws his ſteep flight in many an aerie wheele,
Nor ſtaid, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End of the third Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
' Wo to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The hell within him, for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.

Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian towre:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the starrs
Hide their diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy spheare;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless king:
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less then to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?

O had his powerfull deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferiour angel, I had ſtood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what to accuſe,
But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurſt, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite deſpaire?
Which way I flie is hell; myſelf am hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Then to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groane:

While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc't
The lower ſtill I fall, onely ſupream
In miſerie; ſuch joy ambition findes.
But ſay I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore: eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe deare
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's king I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
As man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.
THUS while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and deſpaire,
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof he ſoon aware,

Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calme,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her encloſure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairie ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wilde,
Acceſs deni'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable highth of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woodie Theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher then their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general Sire gave proſpect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
And higher then that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt Trees loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeer'd, with gay enammel'd colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God had ſhowr'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That lantſkip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmie ſpoiles. As when to them who ſaile
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours from the ſpicie ſhoare
Of Arabie the bleſt, with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Then Aſmodeus with the fiſhie fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Ægypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journied on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplext
All path of man or beaſt that paſt that way:
One gate there onely was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-fellon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound

...ll or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolfe,
whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eeve
in hurdl'd cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o're the fence with eaſe into the fould:
or as a thief bent to unhoord the caſh
of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial dores,
croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbes, or o're the tiles;
so clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fould:
so ſince into his church lewd hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and higheſt there that grew,
sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
of immortalitie. so little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for bliſsful paradiſe
of God the garden was, by him in the eaſt
of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towrs
of great seleucia, built by Grecian kings,

Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoile
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life
Our death the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggie hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the neather flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appeers,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous realme
And country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that ſaphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rowling on orient pearle and ſands of gold,
With mazie error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradiſe which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Powr'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,

…h where the morning sun first warmly smote
…he open field, and where the unpeirc't shade
…mbrown'd the noontide bowrs: thus was this place
…happy rural seat of various view; [balme,
…roves whose rich trees wept odorous gumms and
…thers whose fruit burnisht with golden rinde
…ung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
…f true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
…etwixt them lawns, and level downs, and flocks
…rasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
…r palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
…f some irriguous valley spread her store,
…lours of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
…nother side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of coole recess, o're which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,
Her chrystall mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gath'ring flours
Herself a fairer floure by gloomie Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise

of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd,
True Paradise under the Ethiop line,
By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthie seem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious maker shon,
Truth, wisdome, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guiltie ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, meer ſhews of ſeeming pure,
And baniſht from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicitie and ſpotleſs innocence.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's imbraces met,
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſpering ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down, and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour then ſuffic'd
To recommend coole zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſie, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughes
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat reclin'd
On the ſoft downie bank damaskt with flours:
The ſavourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wilde, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forrest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards
Gambol'd before them, th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer
To th' ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of heav'n the starrs that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
O HELL! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights

Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n
Ill fenc't for heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pitie thus forlorn
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compells me now
To do what else though damn'd I should abhorr.
So spake the fiend, and with necessitie,
The tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end

Nearer to view his prey, and unespi'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action markt: about them round
A lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thyself then all; needs must the power
That made us, and for us this ample world
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service then to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,
So neer grows death to life, what ere death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule

confer'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
one easie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flours
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve repli'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak't, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another skie.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A ſhape within the watry gleam appeer'd
Bending to look on me, I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back, but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathie and love, there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, what thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thy ſelf,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtaies
Thy coming, and thy ſoft imbraces, hee
Whoſe image thou art, him thou ſhall enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt beare
Multitudes like thy ſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race: what could I doe,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan, yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiablie milde,
Then that ſmooth watry image; back I turn'd,
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fli'ſt thou? whom thou fli'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neereſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half imbracing lean'd
On our firſt father, half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flowers; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the devil turn'd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis't in one anothers arms
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs, while I to hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths; all is not theirs it ſeems:
One fatal tree there ſtands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: knowledge forbidd'n?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. why ſhould their lord
Envie them that? can it be ſin to know,
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance, is that their happie ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruine! hence I will excite their minds

spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now ra
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whither the prime orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volubil earth
By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend:
Now came ſtill ev'ning on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſie couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her am'rous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphires: Heſperus that led
The ſtarrie hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſtie, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerleſs light,
And o're the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
WHEN Adam thus to Eve: Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive, and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines

Our eye-lids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignitie,
And the regard of heav'n on all his waies;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourie arbors, yonder allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gumms,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ning with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on

of grateful ev'ning milde, then ſilent night
with this her ſolemn bird and this fair moon,
And theſe the gemms of heav'n, her ſtarrie train:
But neither breath of morn when ſhe aſcends
with charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
on this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Gliſtring with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor ſilent night
with this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
or glittering ſtar-light without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe, for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor repli'd.
Daughter of God and man, accompliſht Eve,
Thoſe have their courſe to finiſh, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar vertue on all kinds that grow
on earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe;
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth

unseen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
all theſe with ceaſleſs praiſe his work behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
sole, or reſponſive each to others note
singing their great creator: oft in bands
while they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
with heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
THUS talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
on to their bliſsful bower; it was a place
chos'n by the ſovran planter, when he fram'd
all things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and mirtle, and what higher grew
of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhie ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, roſes, and geſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſht heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd then with ſtone
of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm durſt enter none;
such was their awe of man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or silvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cloſs receſs

With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenaean ſung,
What day the genial angel to our ſire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to the unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhadie lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under op'n ſkie ador'd
The God that made both ſkie, air, earth and heav'n
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe
And ſtarrie pole: thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work imploy'd
Have finiſht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extoll
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off

These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our maker bids encrease, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Haile wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual fruition, nor in court amours
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or Serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

These lull'd by nightingales imbracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flourie roof
Showr'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and o yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivorie port the cheruboim
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north,
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and suttle spirits he call'd
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where these two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This ev'ning from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The barrs of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Daz'ling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach

The organ's of her fancie, and with them forge
illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smuttie graine
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grieslie king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
WHICH of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
Why satst thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
KNOW ye not then, said satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus zephon, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn:
Think not, revolted ſpirit, thy ſhape the ſame,
or undiminiſht brightneſs, to be known
As when thou ſtoodſt in heav'n upright and pure;
That glorie then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee, and thou reſembl'ſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foule.
But come, for thou, beſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
so ſpake the cherube, and his grave rebuke
severe in youthful beautie, added grace
invincible: abaſht the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
virtue in her ſhape how lovely, ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
or all at once; more glory will be won,
or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid zephon bold,
will ſave us trial what the leaſt can do
single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went hautie on,
chaumping his iron curb: to ſtrive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmai'd. Now drew they nig
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding g
Ju.. met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd

Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploy'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no
And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;

To thee no reaſon; who knowſt only good,
But evil haſt not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſkt.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.
THUS he in ſcorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling thus repli'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom follie overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcapt,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrauth,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight,
Sevenfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled, or thou then they
Leſs hardie to endure? courageous chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, hadſt thou alleg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,

Infulting angel, well thou knowſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battle to thy aid
The blaſting volied thunder made all ſpeed
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard aſſaies and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himſelf untri'd.
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpie
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid aire;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their lord
High up in heav'n, with ſongs to hymne his throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warriour angel ſoon repli'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to flie pain, profeſſing next the ſpie,
Argues no leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? o name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to the acknowledg'd power ſupream?

And thou ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd
Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reigne?
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
within theſe hallow'd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeale thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorne
The facil gates of hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threatn'd he, but ſatan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.
THEN when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitarie cherube, but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's king
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
WHILE thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fierie red, ſharpning in mooned hornes
Their phalanx, and began to hemm him round
with ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
of ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
ſways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands
Leſt on the threſhing floore his hopeful ſhaves
Prove chaff. on th' other ſide satan alarm'd
collecting all his might dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:

His ſtature reacht the ſkie, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſpe
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield: now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor onely Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarrie cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At leaſt had gone to rack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with ballanc't aire
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.
SATAN, I know thy ſtrength, and thou knowſt mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boaſt what arms can doe, ſince thine no more
Then heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The End of the fourth Book.

BOOK V.

Now Morn her rosie steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak't, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Milde, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrhe, and what the balmie reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glorie, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd, for I this night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleepst thou EVE? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through wayes
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancie then by day:
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And o fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,

Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor man; is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envie, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluckt, he taſted; mee damp horror chil'd
At ſuch bold words voucht with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it ſeems, as onely fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
And why not Gods of men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happie creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we, ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleaſant ſavourie ſmell
So quick'n'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretcht immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change

To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep; but o how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.
Best image of myſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe fanſie next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aerie ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fanſie wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt ev'ning's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhorr to dream,

waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishheart'n'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flours
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So chear'd he his fair spouse; and she was chear'd
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluce, he ere they fell
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first from under shadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov'ring o're the ocean brim,
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Discovering in wide lantskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happie plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous
More tuneable then needed lute or harp

To add more ſweetneſs, and they thus began.
THESE are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almightie, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine:
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extoll
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fallſt.
Moon, that now meetſt the orient ſun, now fli'ſt
With the fixt ſtars, fixt in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix

And nourish all things, let your ceasless change
Varie to our great maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, duskie or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecie skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd skie,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flours; where any row
Of fruit-trees over woodie reach'd too far

heir pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
ruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
o wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
er marriageable arms, and with her brings
er dowr th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
is barren leaves. Them thus imploi'd beheld
ith pitie heav'n's high king, and to him call'd
aphael, the ſociable ſpirit, that deign'd
o travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
is marriage with the ſeaventimes-wedded maid.
APHAEL, ſaid he, thou hearſt what ſtir on earth
atan from hell ſcap't through the darkſome gulf
ath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
his night the human pair, how he deſignes
n them at once to ruin all mankind.
o therefore, half this day as friend with friend
onverſe with Adam, in what bowre or ſhade
hou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
o reſpite his day-labour with repaſt,
r with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
s may adviſe him of his happie ſtate,
appineſs in his power left free to will,
eft to his own free will, his will though free,
et mutable; whence warn him to beware
e ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withal
is danger, and from whom, what enemie
ate fall'n himſelf from heav'n, is plotting now
he fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
y violence, no, for that ſhall be withſtood,
ut by deceit and lies; this let him know,
eſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend

Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd.
So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delaid the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Vail'd with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light
Flew through the midst of heav'n; th' angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform'd to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kenns
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal skie
Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick fann
Winnows the buxom air; till within soare
Of towring eagles, to all the fowles he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Ægyptian Theb's he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise

He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A ſeraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o're his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarrie zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downie gold
And colours dipt in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heele with feather'd maile
Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. ſtrait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrhe,
And flouring odours, caſſia, nard, and balme;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicie forreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the dore he ſat
Of his coole bowre, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid raies to warme
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth then Adam need;
And Eve within, due at her houre prepar'd
For dinner ſavourie fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie ſtream,

Berrie or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haste hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Riſ'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte and from each bough and break,
Each plant and juicieſt gourd will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our angel gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs that here on earth
God hath diſpenſt his bounties as in heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacie beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well joyn'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change,
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk

Whatever earth all-bearing mother yeilds
In India east or west, or middle shoare
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcid creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of heav'n, for other place
None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie bowre
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears

To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more coole decline.
WHOM thus the angelic vertue answer'd milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise
I have at will. So to the silvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeckt, save with herself more lovely fair
Then wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n; no vaile
She needed, vertue proof, no thought infirme
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel haile
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Marie, second Eve.
HAILE mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassie turf
Their table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All Autumn pil'd, though spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear least dinner coole; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our nourisher, from whom
All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,

To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial father gives to all.
To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbes.
The sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean: though in heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here

varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with heav'n; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. so down they ſat,
And to their viands fell, nor ſeemingly
The angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
of theologians, but with keen diſpatch
of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To tranſubſtantiate; what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpirits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
of ſooty coal the empiric alchimiſt
can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
with pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſie
was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.
THUS when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Given him by this great conference to know
of things above his world, and of their being
who dwell in heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high power ſo far
Exceeded human, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
INHABITANT with God, now know I well

Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt voutſaf't
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At heav'n's high feaſts to have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged hierarch repli'd.
O Adam, one almightie is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpirituous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in their ſeveral active ſphears aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. ſo from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, laſt the bright conſummate floure
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and their fruit
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd
To vital ſpirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and ſenſe,
Fanſie and underſtanding, whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is ofteſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,

To proper ſubſtance; time may come when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whoſe progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happie ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind repli'd,
O favourable ſpirit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From centre to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, "if ye be found
"obedient?" can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be adviſ'd.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntarie service he requires,
Not our necessitated, such with him
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destinie, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from heav'n to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear
Divine instructer, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
Hath past in heav'n, some doubt within me move,

But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſht half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt, and Raphael
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoinſt me, o prime of men,
Sad taſk and hard, for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring ſpirits; how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood; how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpenc't, and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By lik'ning ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt, though what if earth
Be but the ſhadow of heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and chaos wilde
Reign'd where theſe heav'ns now rowl, where earth [now reſts
Upon her center pois'd, when on a day
(For time, though in eternitie, appli'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of angels by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' almighties throne

Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appeer'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards, and gonfalons twixt van and reare
Streame in the aire, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the son
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.
HEAR all ye angels, progenie of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok't shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by my self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord,
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United as one individual soul
For ever happie: Him who disobeys
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So spake th' omnipotent, and with his words

All ſeem'd well-pleas'd, all ſeem'd, but were not all
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill,
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarrie ſpheare
Of planets and of fixt in all her wheeles
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem:
And in their motions harmonie divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have alſo our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous, all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearle, in diamond, and maſſie gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.
On flours repos'd, and with freſh flourets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfet where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous king, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but the unſleeping eyes of God to reſt,

Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Then all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) Th' angelic throng
Diſperſt in bands and files their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds, ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious hymns about the ſov'ran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan, ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt arch-angel, great in power,
In favour and praeeminence, yet fraught
With envie againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſkie hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupream
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
SLEEPST thou companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remembreſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſt the lips
Of heav'n's Almightie. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now

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Of ſurfet where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous king, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeat dews diſpos'd
All but the unſleeping eyes of God to reſt,

Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Then all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God) Th' angelic throng
Diſperſt in bands and files their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds, ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious hymns about the ſov'ran throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd
Satan, ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt arch-angel, great in power,
In favour and praeeminence, yet fraught
With envie againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah king anointed, could not beare
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſkie hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupream
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
Sleepſt thou companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remembreſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſt the lips
Of heav'n's almightie. Thou to me thy thoughts
Was wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now

Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may r[aise]
In us who serve, new councils, to debate
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowie cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.
So spake the false arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
Of his associate; he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most high commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes

Drew after him the third part of heav'n's hoſt:
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcernes
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw without their light
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpred
Among the ſons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high decree;
And ſmiling to his onely ſon thus ſaid.
SON, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deitie or empire, ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to trie
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuarie, our hill.
To whom the ſon with calm aſpect and cleer
Light'ning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mightie father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſignes and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event

Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in heav'n.
So ſpake the ſon, but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc't on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they paſs'd, the mightie regencies
Of ſeraphim and potentates and thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Then what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretcht into longitude; which having paſs'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towrs
From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of heav'n,
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembl'd all his train
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeted truth thus held their ears.

THRONES, dominations, princedomes, vertues, powers,
If theſe magnific titles yet remain
Not meerly titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs't
All power, and us eclipſt under the name
Of king anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to conſult how we may beſt
With what may be deviſ'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of heav'n poſſeſt before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchie over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much leſs for this to be our lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve?

Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controule
Had audience, when among the ſeraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeale ador'd
The deitie, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peeres.
Canſt thou with impious obloquie condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc't and ſworn,
That to his only ſon by right endu'd
With regal ſcepter, every ſoul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful king? unjuſt thou ſaiſt
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reigne,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of libertie, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignitie
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happie ſtate under one head more neer
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reigne:
Thyſelf though great and glorious doſt thou count

Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten son, by whom
As by his word the mighty father made
All things, ev'n the , and all the spirits of heav'n
y him created in their bright degrees,
rown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, vertues, powers,
Essential powers, nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His laws our laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th' incensed fa her, and th' incensed son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.
So spake the fervent angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work
Of secondarie hands, by task transfer'd
From father to his son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who [saw
When this creation was? rememberst thou
Thy making, while the maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, s lf-begot, self-rais'd
y our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
d circl'd his full orbe, th birth mature
this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
r puissance is our own, our own right hand

shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th'almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt, nor leſs for that
The flaming ſeraph fearleſs, though alone
Encompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
O alienate from God, o ſpirit accurſt,
Forſak'n of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpred
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now voutſaf't, other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden ſcepter which thou didſt reject
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leaſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.

So ſpake the ſeraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrifi'd
His loyaltie he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud towrs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The end of the fifth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd
Through heav'n's wide champain held his way, [till morn,
Wak't by the circling hours, with roſie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a Cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through [heav'n
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other dore
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour [well
To veile the heav'n, though darkneſs there might
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vaniſht night,
Shot through with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fierie ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among thoſe friendly powers who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt: on to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice

From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious, them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe

of wrath awak't: nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That ſtood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
of inſtrumental harmonie that breath'd
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds
under their god-like leaders, in the cauſe
of God and his Meſſiah. on they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtreit'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
of birds in orderly array on wing
came ſummon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in the horizon to the north appeer'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fierie region, ſtretcht
In battailous aſpect, and neerer view
Briſtl'd with upright beams innumerable
of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
various, with boaſtful argument portraid,
The banded powers of satan haſting on
with furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet th' envier of his ſtate, the proud

ſpirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
n the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
t firſt, that angel ſhould with angel war,
nd in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
o oft in feſtivals of joy and love
nanimous, as ſons of one great ſire
ymning th' eternal father: but the ſhout
f battle now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a god
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat
Idol of majeſty divine, encloſ'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughtie ſtrides advanc't,
Came towring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where vertue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt; though to ſight unconquerable!
His puiſſance, truſting in th' almightie's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have tri'd

unſound and falſe; nor is it aught but juſt;
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foule,
when reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus ſecurely him defi'd.
PROUD, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' omnipotent to riſe in arms;
who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
Unaided could have finiſht thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and pietie to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt, now learn too late
How few ſomtimes may know, when thouſands err.
WHOM the grand foe with ſcornful eye aſkance
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſht hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou returnſt

From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd least thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that liberty and heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsie of heav'n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd.
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or nature; God and nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thy self not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

[R]eign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve
[I]n heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
[B]ehests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
[Y]et chains in hell, not realms expect: mean while
[F]rom me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
[T]his greeting on thy impious crest receive.
[S]o saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massie spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds underground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push't a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seis'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory and fierce desire
Of battel: whereat Michael bid sound
Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now
Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,

And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fierie cope together ruſh'd
Both battles maine, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all heav'n
Reſounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre ſhook. what wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could weild
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Armie againſt armie numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happie native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal king omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader ſeem'd
Each warriour ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite: for wide was ſpred
That war and various; ſomtimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then

conflicting fire: long time in eeven scale
The battle hung; till satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie orb
of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
A vast circumference: at his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Miserie, uncreated till the crime
of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along

Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doome,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? erre not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glorie: which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n it self into the hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of godlike power: for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
Now wav'd their fierie swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood

in horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd
where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
of ſuch commotion, ſuch as to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if natures concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect maligne
of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſkie,
ſhould combat, and their jarring ſphears confound.
Together both with next to almightie arm,
uplifted imminent one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeer'd
In might or ſwift prevention; but the ſword
of Michael from the armorie of God
was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of ſatan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheere, nor ſtaid,
But with ſwift wheele reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide; then ſatan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him, but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectarous humor iſſuing flow'd
ſanguin, ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their ſhields

Back to his chariot; where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbl'd by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for ſpirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrailes, heart or head, liver or reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe, and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
MEAN while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſignes pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc furious king, who him defi'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the holie one of heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. on each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelec, and Aſmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be leſs then gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangl'd with gaſtly wounds through plate and maile,

Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheiſt crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and Arioc, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorcht and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels contented with their fame in heav'n
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doome
Cancel'd from heav'n and ſacred memorie,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided and from juſt,
Illaudable, naught merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominie, yet to glorie aſpires
Vain glorious, and through infamie ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doome.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwerv'd
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrow'n, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd
And fierie foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoyl'd
Orewearied, through the faint ſatanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpris'd and ſenſe of pain
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable ſaints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc't entire,

Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.
Now night her courſe began, and over heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious dinn of war:
Under her cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſht: on the foughten field
Michael and his angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious diſappeer'd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd, and void of reſt,
His potentates to councel call'd by night;
And in the midſt thus undiſmai'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in armes
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretenſe, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glorie, and renown,
Who have ſuſtain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's lord had powerfulleſt to ſend
Againſt us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo: then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True is, leſs firmly arm'd,

some diſadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as ſoon contemn
since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperiſhable, and though pierc'd with wound,
soon cloſing, and by native vigour heal'd.
of evil then ſo ſmall as eaſie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid arms,
weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes,
or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them ſuperiour, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.
HE ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroc, of principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap't from cruel fight,
sore toil'd, his riv'n arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aſpect thus anſwering ſpake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
valour or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with [pain
which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
of mightieſt. senſe of pleaſure we may well
spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:

pain is perfect miſerie, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defence, to me deſerves
No leſs then for deliverance what we owe.
WHERETO with look compos'd Satan repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flour ambroſial, gemms and gold,
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveyes
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fierie ſpume, till toucht
With heav'n's ray, and temper'd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
Theſe in their dark nativitie the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate ſhall ſend forth
From far with thundring noiſe among our foes
Such implements of miſchief as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labour, yet ere dawne,

Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and their languiſht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventer miſs'd, ſo eaſie it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would hav
Impoſſible: yet haply of thy race [thoug
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from councel to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoile, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with ſuttle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidd'n veins dig'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engins and their balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpi'd,

ow when fair morn orient in heav'n appeer'd
p rose the victor angels, and to arms
he matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood
f golden panoplie, refulgent host,
oon banded ; others from the dawning hills
ook'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd scour,
ach quarter, to descrie the distant foe,
here lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
n motion or in alt : him soon they met
nder spread ensignes moving nigh, in slow
ut firm battalion ; back with speediest sail
ophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
ame flying, and in mid air aloud thus cri'd.
RME, warriours, arm for fight, the foe at hand,
hom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
his day, fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
e comes, and settl'd in his face I see
ad resolution and secure : let each
is adamantine coat gird well, and each
it well his helme, gripe fast his orbed shield,
orn eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
f I conjecture aught, no drizling showr,
ut rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
o warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
n order, quit of all impediment ;
nstant without disturb they took allarm,
nd onward move embattell'd ; when behold
ot distant far with heavie pace the foe
pproaching gross and huge ; in hollow cube
raining his devilish enginrie, impal'd
n every side with shaddowing squadrons deep,

To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while, but ſuddenly at head appeerd
Satan: and thus was hear'd commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand readie to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt, however witneſs heav'n,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand
Do as ye have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes diſcover'd new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.)
Braſs, iron, ſtonnie mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A ſeraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoak, all heav'n appeer'

om thoſe deep-throated engins belcht, whoſe roar
mbowel'd with outragious noiſe the air,
nd all her entrails tore, diſgorging foule
heir deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
f iron globes, which on the victor hoſt
evel'd, with ſuch impetuous furie ſmote,
hat whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
hough ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
y thouſands, angel on arch-angel rowl'd;
he ſooner for their arms, unarm'd they might
ave eaſily as ſpirits evaded ſwift
y quick contraction or remove; but now
oule diſſipation follow'd and forc't rout;
or ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
hat ſhould they do? if on they ruſht, repulſe
epeated, and indecent overthrow
oubl'd, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
nd to their foes a laughter; for in view
tood rankt of ſeraphim another row
n poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
f thunder: back defeated to return
hey worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
nd to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O FRIENDS, why come not on theſe victors proud?
re while they fierce were coming, and when we,
o entertain them fair with open front
nd breſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
f compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
lew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
s they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeem'd
omewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were heard
We ſhould compell them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſom mood;
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant veine
Stood ſcoffing, highthn'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victorie, eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſie, and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble; but they ſtood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From their foundations looſning to and fro
They pluckt the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be ſure, and terrour ſeis'd the rebel hoſt,

When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on thoſe curſed engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſt whole legions arm'd,
Their armor help'd their harm, cruſh't in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch priſon, though ſpirits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground, they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heapt
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpred,
Had not th' almightie father where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuarie of heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, adviſ'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfill,
To honour his anointed ſon aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his ſon

Th' aſſeſſor of his throne he thus began.
EFFULGENCE of my glorie, ſon belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deitie I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I doe,
Second omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient; ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou knowſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly; for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reines,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glorie may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be heir
Of all things, to be heir and to be king
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.

o then thou mightieſt in thy father's might,
ſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
hat ſhake heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
y bow and thunder, my almightie arms
ird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
urſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
rom all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
here let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
od and Meſſiah his anointed king.
e ſaid, and on his ſon with rays direct
hon full, he all his father full expreſt
neffably into his face receiv'd,
nd thus the filial godhead anſwering ſpake.
O FATHER, O ſupream of heav'nly thrones,
irſt, higheſt, holieſt, beſt, thou always ſeekſt
o glorifie thy ſon, I always thee,
s is moſt juſt; this I my glorie account,
y exaltation, and my whole delight,
hat thou in me well pleas'd, declarſt thy will
ulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
cepter and power, thy giving, I aſſume,
nd gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
hou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
or ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
ut whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
hy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
mage of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
rm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
o their prepar'd ill manſion driven down
o chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
hat from thy juſt obedience could revolt,

whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmixt, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfained halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o're his ſcepter bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glorie where he ſate,
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine
Dawning through heav'n: forth ruſh'd with whirl
The chariot of paternal deitie, [wind ſound
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic ſhapes, four faces each
Had wondrous, as with ſtarrs their bodies all
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a chryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the ſhowrie arch.
He in celeſtial panoplie all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended, at his right hand victorie
Sate eagle-wing'd, beſide him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce effuſion rowl'd
Of ſmoak and bickering flame, and ſparkles dire;
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſaints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhon,
And twentie thouſand (I their number hear'd)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen:
He on the wings of cherub rode ſublime

On the crystallin Skie, in saphir thron'd.
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels born, his sign in heav'n:
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His armie, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flourets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs availe,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'n'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.
STAND still in bright array ye saints, here stand
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;

Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe,
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly; but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, ſtand only and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupream
Kingdom and power and glorie appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to trie with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I voutſafe.
So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four ſpred out their ſtarrie wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowl'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheels
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook throughout,

ll but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
mong them he arriv'd; in his right hand
raſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
efore him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
lagues; they aſtoniſht all reſiſtance loſt,
ll courage; down their idle weapons drop'd;
're ſhields and helmes, and helmed heads he rode
f thrones and mighty ſeraphim proſtrate,
hat wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
hrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
or leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
is arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd foure,
iſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
iſtinct alike with multitude of eyes,
ne ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
lar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
mong th' accurſt, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
nd of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
xhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
et half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
is thunder in mid volie, for he meant
ot to deſtroy, but root them out of heav'n:
he overthrown he rais'd, and as a heard
f goats or timerous flock together throng'd
rove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
ith terrors and with furies to the bounds
nd chryſtal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide,
owl'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
nto the waſtful deep; the monſtrous ſight
rook them with horror backward, but far worſe
rg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw

Down from the verge of heav'n, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
HELL heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wilde anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his almightie acts,
With jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palme, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious king,
Son, heire, and lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mightie father thron'd
On high; who into glorie him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
THUS measuring things in heav'n by things on earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd

What might have [illegible] to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With ſatan, he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happineſs thou maiſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſerie;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the moſt high,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But liſt'n not to his temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The End of the ſixth Book.

PARADISE LOST,

A

POEM

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from heav'n urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' olympian hill I soare,
Above the flight of pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top
Of old olympus dwell'st, but heav'nlie born,
Before the hills appeer'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' almightie father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. up led by thee
Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthlie guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my native element:
Least from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal spheare;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,

On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſt round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had eares
To rapture, till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nlie, ſhe an empty dream.
SAY goddeſs, what enſu'd when Raphael,
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſie, by what befell in heav'n
To thoſe apoſtates, leaſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wandring. He with his conſorted Eve
The ſtorie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep muſe to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
And war ſo neer the peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon

Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this world
Of heav'n and earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtreame,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Farr differing from this world, thou haſt reveal'd
Divine interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the empyrean to forwarne
Us timely of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to the infinitly good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receave with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſovran will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt voutſaft
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps availe us known,
How firſt began this heav'n which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd

innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient aire wide interfus'd
imbracing round this florid earth, what cauſe
Mov'd the creator in his holy reſt
Through all eternitie ſo late to build
In chaos, and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou maiſt unfold
what we, not to explore the ſecrets aske
of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
of nature from the unapparent deep:
or if the ſtar of ev'ning and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
silence, and ſleep liſtning to thee will watch,
or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the morning ſhine.
THUS Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought:
And thus the godlike angel anſwer'd mild.
THIS alſo thy requeſt with caution aſkt
obtaine: though to recount almightie works
what words or tongue of ſeraph can ſuffice,
or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorifie the maker, and inferr
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing, ſuch commiſſion from above

I have receav'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible king,
Onely omniſcient, hath ſuppreſt in night,
To none communicable in earth or heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain,
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfet, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to winde.
KNow then, that after Lucifer from heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of angels, then that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great ſon return'd
Victorious with his ſaints, th' omnipotent
Eternal father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his ſon thus ſpake.
AT leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of deitie ſupream, us diſpoſſeſt,
He truſted to have ſeis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation, heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites:

But leaſt his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done, to have diſpeopl'd heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
That detriment, if ſuch it be to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye powers of heav'n,
And thou my word, begotten ſon, by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it done:
My overſhadowing ſpirit and might with thee
I ſend along, ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, neceſſitie and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So SPAKE th'almightie, and to what he ſpake
His word, the filial godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n

When such was h[illegible]rd declar'd the almightie's will;
Glory they sung to the most high, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of spirits m[illegible]ligne a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So sang the hierarchies: mean while the son
On his great expedition now appeer'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majestie divine, sapience and love
Immense, and all his father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And vertues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their lord: heav'n op'n'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
On g[illegible]den hinges moving, to let forth
The king of glorie in his powerful word
And spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wilde,
up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And ſurging waves, as mountains to aſſault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
SILENCE, ye troubl'd waves, and thou deep, peace,
said then th' omnific word, your diſcord end:
NOR ſtaid, but on the wings of cherubim
uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For chaos hear'd his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
one foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profunditie obſcure,
And ſaid, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, o world.
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
cover'd th' abyſs: but on the watrie calm
His brooding wings the ſpirit of God outſpred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And earth ſelf-ballanc't on her center hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudie tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day eev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch't their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, creatour him they sung,
Both when first eev'ning was, and when first morn.
AGAIN, God said, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calme, in wide
Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule
Of chaos far remov'd, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:

And heav'n he nam'd the firmament: ſo eev'n
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
THE earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appeer'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceave,
Satiate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appeer.
Immediately the mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſkie:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on duſt conglobing from the drie;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift flouds: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plaine,
Soft ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent errour wandring, found their way,
And on the waſhie ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſe, e're God had bid the ground be drie,

All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid traine.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind;
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish't thick the clustring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the cornie reed
Embattell'd in her field: and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spred
Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers. That earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewie mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the earth

God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtemm; God ſaw that it was good:
So eev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' almightie ſpake: Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of heaven to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſignes,
For ſeaſons, and for dayes, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night alterne: and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of heav'n
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mightie ſpheare he fram'd, unlightſom firſt,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudie ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retaine
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither as to their fountain other ſtars
Repairing, in their gold'n urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet guilds her horns;

By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rayes, jocond to run
His longitude through heav'n's high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in level'd weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appeer'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad eev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, let the waters generate
Reptil with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowle flie above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the op'n firmament of heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kinde;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes and running ſtreams the waters fill;

And let the fowle be multiply'd on the earth.
Forthwith the founds and feas, each creek and bay
with frie innumerable fwarme, and fhoales
of fifh that with their finns and fhining fcales
Glide under the green wave, in fculles that oft
Bank the mid fea: part fingle or with mate
Graze the fea weed their pafture, and through groves
of coral ftray, or fporting with quick glance
show to the fun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
or in their pearlie fhells at eafe, attend
Moift nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on fmooth the feale,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
wallowing unweildie, enormous in their gate
Tempeft the ocean: there leviathan
Hugeft of living creatures, on the deep
stretcht like a promontorie fleeps or fwims,
And feems a moving land, and at his gilles
Draws in, and at his trunk fpouts out a fea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and fhoares
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that
Burfting with kindly rupture forth difclos'd [foon
Their callow young, but feather'd foon and fledge
They fumm'd their penns, and foaring th' air fublime
with clang defpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In profpect; there the eagle and the ftork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loofly wing the region, part more wife
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of feafons, and fet forth
Their aierie caravan high over feas

Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so stears the prudent crane
Her annual voiage, born on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spred their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingal
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downie brest; the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rowes
Her state with oarie feet: yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, towre
The mid aerial skie: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay traine
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starrie eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenisht, and the air with fowle,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.
THE SIXT, and of creation last arose
With ev'ning harps and mattin, when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth fowle living in her kind,
Cattel and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertil woomb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect formes,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his laire the wilde beast where he wonns
In forrest wilde, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:

The cattel in the fields and meddowes green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitarie, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſie clods now calv'd, now half appeer'd
The tawnie lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded main; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the moale
Riſing, the crumbl'd earth above them threw
In hillocks; the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mould
Behemoth biggeſt born of earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec't the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river horſe and ſcalie crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worme; thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck of ſummer's pride
With ſpots of gold and purple, azure and green,
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent kind
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Their ſnakie foulds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonaltie: ſwarming next appeer'd
The femal bee that feeds her husband drone

Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,
The ſerpent ſuttleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairie main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heav'n in all her glorie ſhon, and rowl'd
Her motions, as the great firſt-mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovly ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the ſixt day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the maſter work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With ſanctitie of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not he
Preſent) thus to his ſon audibly ſpake.
LET US make now man in our image, man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowle of ſea and air,

Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee O man
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowle of the aire,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee, all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Varietie without end; but of the tree
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou mai'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou di'ſt;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leaſt ſin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixt day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd

Up to the heav'n of heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how faire,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the aire
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtations liſtning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living dores; let in
The great creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending: he through heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whoſe duſt is gold
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appeer,
Seen in the galaxie, that milkie way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou ſeeſt
Pouder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeaventh
Ev'ning aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,

Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
of heav'n's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
of godhead, fixt for ever firm and ſure,
The filial power arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great father (for he alſo went
Inviſible,) yet ſtaid (ſuch priviledge
Hath omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſeav'nth day
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire,
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermixt with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix dayes acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy power; what thought can meaſure thee or tong
Relate thee; greater now in thy return
Then from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty king, or bound
Thy empire? eaſily the proud attempt
of ſpirits apoſtate and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves

To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n
From heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear Hyaline, the glassie sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.
So sung they, and the empyrean rung,
With Halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was done
From the beginning, that posteritie
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

The End of the seventh Book.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK VIII.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's eare
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and voutſaf't
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; ſomething yet of doubt remains,
Which onely thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of heav'n and earth conſiſting, and compute,
Their magnitudes, this earth a ſpot, a graine,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem'd to rowle
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues and their ſwift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night; in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides, reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit

uch disproportions, with superfluous hand
o many nobler bodies to create,
ter so manifold to this one use,
or aught appeers, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie earth,
hat better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number failes.
SO SPAKE our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which EVE
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,
ith lowliness majestic from her seat,
nd grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
ose, and went forth among her fruits and flours,
o visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
er nurserie; they at her coming sprung
nd toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
et went she not, as not with such discourse
elighted, or not capable her eare
f what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
dam relating, she sole auditress;
er husband the relater she preferr'd
efore the angel, and of him to ask
hose rather; he, she knew would intermix
rateful digressions, and solve high dispute
ith conjugal caresses, from his lip
ot words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now

such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
with goddefs-like demeanour forth fhe went;
Not unattended, for on her as queen
A pomp of winning graces waited ftill,
And from about her fhot darts of defire
Into all eyes to wifh her ftill in fight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.
TO ASK or fearch I blame thee not, for heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee fet,
wherein to read his wondrous works, and learne
His feafons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether heav'n move or earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the reft
From man or angel the great architect
Did wifely to conceal, and not divulge
His fecrets to be fcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they lift to try
conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their difputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n
And calculate the ftars, how they will weild
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To fave appeerances, how gird the fphear
with centric and eccentric fcribl'd o're,
cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Alreadie by thy reafoning this I guefs,
who art to lead thy offspring, and fuppofeft
That bodies bright and greater fhould not ferve
The lefs not bright, nor heav'n fuch journies run,

Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves
The benefit: consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
Nor glistring, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose vertue on itself workes no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there first receav'd
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
The maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretcht out so far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual; me thou thinkst not slow,
Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God to remove his ways from human sense,

Plac'd heav'n from earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be center to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſphears thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the Sun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy beleef,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Travelling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the Sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial Moon be as a ſtar
Enlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoft'nd ſoile, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt deſcrie
Communicating male and femal light,

Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature unpossest
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimps of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
He from the east his flaming rode begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces eev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of earth only but of highest heav'n.
To whom thus Adam cleer'd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure
Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,

And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancie is to roave
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How suttly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Then fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Though pleaſant, but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatietie.
To whom thus Raphael anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, ſire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comlineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms.
Nor leſs think we in heav'n of thee on earth
Than of our fellow ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On man his equal love: ſay therefore on;
For I that day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion toward the gates of hell;
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Leaſt he incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mixt.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as ſovran king, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath eev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.
So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In balmie sweat, which with his beames the sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shadie woods, and sunnie plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlight'nd earth, so fresh and gay,

Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great maker then,
In goodness and in power praeeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happie light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shadie bank profuse of flours
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd
My drouséd sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woodie mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw

Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Load'n with faireſt fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: here had new begun
My wandring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appeer'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoycing, but with awe
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and whom thou ſoughtſt I am,
Said mildly, author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſt, inevitably thou ſhalt die;
From that day mortal, and this happie ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his cleer aſpect

Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowle.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kindes; I bring them to receave
From thee their names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowring low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
O BY what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, author of this universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,

As with a ſmile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
WHAT call'ſt thou ſolitude, is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſht, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee, know'ſt thou not
Their language and their wayes, they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.
LET not my words offend thee, heav'nly power,
My maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferiour far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſocietie
Can ſort, what harmonie or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparitie
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowle
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
WHERETO th'almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.

A nice and suttle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What thinkst thou then of me, and this my state,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternitie, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

HE CEAS'D, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
The highth and deepth of thy eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, supream of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not so is man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.
Thou in thy secresie although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seekst not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,

canſt raiſe thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deifi'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
THUS far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no ſuch companie as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
HE ENDED, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrein'd to the highth
In that celeſtial colloquie ſublime,
As with an object that excells the ſenſe,
Dazl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aide, and cloſ'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he cloſ'd, but op'n left the cell

of fanſie my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping op'n'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappeer'd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heav'n could beſtow
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctitie and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignitie and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
THIS turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd

Thy words, creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me; woman is her name, of man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.
SHE heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bowre
I led her blushing like the morn: all heav'n,
And happie constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle aires
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicie shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the eev'ning star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My storie to the sum of earthly bliss

which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flours,
Walks, and the melodie of birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weake
Againſt the charm of beauties powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excell,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O're other creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Looſes diſcount'nanc't, and like folly ſhews;

Authoritie and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her lovlieſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac't.
To whom the angel with contracted brow.
Accuse not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou needſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thy ſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft times nothing profits more
Then ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maiſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame voutſaf't
To cattel and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue

The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſocietie thou findſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou maiſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
TO WHOM thus half abaſh't Adam repli'd.
Neither her out-ſide form'd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfein'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to the ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſaiſt
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk;
Love not the heav'nly ſpirits, and how their love

Expreſs they, by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſie red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou knowſt
Us happie, and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars:
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant iſles
Heſperean ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happie, and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leaſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgement to do aught, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy ſons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own arbitriment it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So saying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heavenly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,

Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the angel up to heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bowre.

The end of the eighth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change,
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And disobedience: on the part of heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow death, and miserie
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrauth
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;

Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd knights
In battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds;
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgious knights
At joust and torneament; then marshal'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneshals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remaines, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.

By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descri'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continu'd nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circl'd, four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wraught the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising mist, then sought
Where to lie hid; sea he had searcht and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antartic; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent suttlest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose

Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wilie ſnake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſuttletie
Proceeding, which in other beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd:
O EARTH, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what GOD after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial heav'n, danc't round by other heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence: as GOD in heav'n
Is center, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centring receav'ſt from all thoſe orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known vertue appeers
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee round,
If I could joy in aught, ſweet interchange
Of hill and vallie, rivers, woods and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with forreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves; but I in none of theſe
Find place of refuge; and the more I ſee

pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege
of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maiſtring heav'n's ſupreame;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glorie ſole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almightie ſtyl'd, ſix nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,

With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: what he decreed
He effected; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his ſervice angel wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthie charge: of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapour glide obſcure, and prie
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With gods to ſit the higheſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a beaſt, and mixt with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of deitie aſpir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on itſelf recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new favourite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
Saying, through each thicket dank or drie,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find

The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self rowl'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie herb
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now whenas sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flours, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breath
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and aires:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgr
The hands dispatch of two gardning so wide.
And Eve first to her husband thus began.
ADAM, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flour,
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise

Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermixt
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our days work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures deare,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imploy'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to studie houshold good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deni'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksom toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us: but if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield.
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſocietie,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leaſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou knowſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedie aid might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her husband ſtaies,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
TO WHOM the virgin majeſtie of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſteer compoſure thus reply'd.
OFFSPRING of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,
That ſuch an enemie we have, who ſeeks

our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel over-heard
As in a ſhadie nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of evening flours.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearſt not, being ſuch,
As we, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receave, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be ſhak'n or ſeduc't; [breaſt,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, miſsthought of her to thee ſo dear?
TO WHOM with healing words Adam repli'd.
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame intire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itſelf, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation: thou thyſelf with ſcorn
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemie, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.

Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Suttle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels, nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receave
Acceſs in every vertue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmoſt vigour raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chooſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue tri'd.
So spake domeſtic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Leſs attributed to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtrait'n'd by a foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happie, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integritie: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhun'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe, find peace within,
Favour from heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is faith, love, vertue unaſſaid
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtain'd?

Let us not then suspect our happie state
Left so imperfect by the maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.
To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happie state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receave no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some fair appeering good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expresly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoines,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likelie if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve

First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeemſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou haſt of vertue, ſummon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the patriarch of mankind, but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, repli'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's ſelf
In gate ſurpaſs'd and goddeſs-like deport,
Though not as ſhe with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likelieſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.

Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bowre,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceav'd, much failing, hapleſs EVE,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Foundſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet flours and ſhades
Waited with helliſh rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawne the fiend,
Meer ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bowre and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain or by ſhadie rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate, he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, EVE ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpi'd, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
About her glow'd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each flour of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or ſpeckt with gold,

Hung drooping unſuſtain'd, them ſhe upſtaies
Gently with mirtle band, mindleſs the while,
Herſelf, though faireſt unſupported flour,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt covert, cedar, pine, or palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick woven arborets and flours
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes ſon,
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breath
Among the pleaſant villages and farmes
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairie, each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with nymphlike ſtep fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſumms all delight.
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flourie plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus earlie, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of geſture or leaſt action overaw'd

His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmitie diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.
THOUGHTS, whither have ye led me, with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying, other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles, behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in love
And beautie, not approacht by ſtronger hate,

Hate ſtronger, under ſhew of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So SPAKE the enemie of mankind, enclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and toward EVE
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a ſurging maze, his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſht neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely, never ſince of ſerpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a ſhip by ſkilful ſtearſman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veres oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of EVE,
To lure her eye; ſhe buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field,
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.

He boulder now, uncall'd before her ſtood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, ſovran miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder, much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate, I thus ſingle, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beautie adore
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this encloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcerne
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be [ſeen
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? language of man pronounc't

By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſt?
The firſt at leaſt of theſe I thought deni'd
To beaſts, whom God on their creation day
Created mute to all articulate ſound;
The latter I demurre, for in their looks
Much reaſon, and in their actions oft appeers.
Thee, ſerpent, ſuttleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,
How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight?
Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair world, reſplendent Eve,
Eaſie to me it is to tell thee all
What thou commandſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be [obey'd:
I was at firſt as other beaſts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food diſcern'd
Or ſex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field I chanc'd
A goodly tree far diſtant to behold
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colours mixt,
Ruddie and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavorie odour blow'n,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt fenel, or the teats
Of Ewe or goat dropping with milk at eev'n,
Unſuckt of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfie the ſharp deſire I had

Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Powerful perſuaders, quick'n'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keene.
About the moſſie trunk I wound me ſoon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plentie hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not, for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward powers, and ſpeech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Conſider'd all things viſible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauties heav'nly ray
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compel'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, univerſal dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly ſnake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt

The vertue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her bearth.
TO WHOM the wilie adder, blithe and glad.
Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balme; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
LEAD then, said Eve. He leading swiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest, as when a wandring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th'amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To boggs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to exceſs,
The credit of whoſe vertue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to ourſelves, our reaſon is our law.
To whom the tempter guilefully repli'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the fruit
Of all theſe garden trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve yet ſinleſs. of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidſt
The garden, God hath ſaid, ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leaſt ye die.
She ſcarce had ſaid, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with ſhew of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuats diſturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renoun'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flouriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſt,
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right,
So ſtanding, moving, or to highth upgrown

The tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O SACRED, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience, now I feel thy power
within me cleere, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the wayes
of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge? By the threatner, look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by ventring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc't, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers; he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo cleere,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfetly be then
Open'd and cleer'd, and ye ſhall be as gods,

Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye ſhould be as gods, ſince I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, ye of human gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods, death to be wiſht, [bring.
Though threat'n'd, which no worſe than this can
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I queſtion it, for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who encloſ'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:
Fixt on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavorie of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
GREAT are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceales not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? in the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcernes,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy

The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear]
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penaltie?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both bodie and mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guiltie serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fansied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And hight'n'd as with wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.
O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease

of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou op'n'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; heav'n is high,
High and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In femal ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths

could endure, without him live no life.
So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flours a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; he the faultring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not as we are told, a tree

Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch: the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine eyes,
Dimm erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe:
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leaſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtorie told;
But in her cheek diſtemper fluſhing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down drop'd, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale, till thus at length

irst to himself he inward silence broke.
FAIREST of creation, last and best
f all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
hatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
oly, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
ow art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
fac't, deflour'd, and now to death devote?
ather how hast thou yielded to transgress
e strict forbiddance, how to violate
e sacred fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud
enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
d me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
rtain my resolution is to die;
ow can I live without thee, how foregoe
y sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
live again in these wilde woods forlorn?
ould God create another EVE, and I
other rib afford, yet loss of thee
ould never from my heart; no no, I feel
e link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
ne of my bone thou art, and from thy state
ine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
HAVING said, as one from sad dismay
comforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
bmitting to what seem'd remediless,
us in calm mood his words to EVE he turn'd.
LD deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous EVE,
d peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd
d it been onely coveting to eye
hat sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
uch more to taste it under banne to touch,

But paſt who can recall, or done undoe?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate, yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taſte;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gaines to live as man
Higher degree of life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignifi'd ſo high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt faile,
Dependent made; ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour loſe,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his pow
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leaſt the adverſary
Triumph and ſay; Fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favours, who can pleaſe him long? me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not to be given the foe,
However I with thee have fixt my lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,

y own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
ur ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
ne fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
o Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd.
glorious trial of exceeding love,
luſtrious evidence, example high!
gaging me to emulate, but ſhort
f thy perfection, how ſhall I attaine,
dam, from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
nd gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
ne heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
his day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
ather than death or aught than death more dread
hall ſeparate us, linkt in love ſo dear,
o undergoe with me one guilt, one crime,
f any be, of taſting this fair fruit,
hoſe vertue, for of good ſtill good proceeds,
irect, or by occaſion hath preſented
his happie trial of thy love, which elſe
o eminently never had been known.
ere it I thought death menac't would enſue
his my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
e worſt, and not perſuade thee, rather die
eſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
rnicious to thy peace, chiefly aſſur'd
emarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
ar otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
ugmented, op'n'd eyes, new hopes, new joyes,
aſte ſo divine, that what of ſweet before
ath toucht my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh

On my experience, Adam, freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had ſo enobl'd, as of choice to incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompence (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompence beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupl'd not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and nature gave a ſecond groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering thunder, ſome ſad dro
Wept at compleating of the mortal ſin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſocietie, that now
As with new wine intoxicated both
They ſwim in mirth, and fanſie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth: but that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplai'd,
Carnal deſire enflaming, he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repai'd; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part,

ince to each meaning ſavour we apply,
nd palate call'd judicious; I the praiſe
ield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
uch pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
rom this delightful fruit, nor known till now
rue relish, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
 things to us forbidden, it might be wiſh'd,
or this one tree had been forbidden ten.
ut come, ſo well refreſh't, now let us play,
s meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
or never did thy beautie ſince the day
ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
ith all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe
ith ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
han ever, bountie of this vertuous tree.
o SAID he, and forbore not glance or toy
f amorous intent, well underſtood
f EVE, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
er hand he ſeis'd, and to a ſhadie bank,
hick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd
e led her nothing loath; flours were the couch,
anſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
nd hyacinths, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
here they their fill of love and loves diſport
ook largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeale,
he ſolace of their ſin, till dewie ſleep
ppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
oon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
hat with exhilerating vapour bland
bout their ſpirits had plaid, and inmoſt powers
ade err, was now exhal'd, and groſſer ſleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how op'n'd, and their minds
How dark'n'd; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
Of all their vertue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abasht,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.
O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes
Op'n'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of puritie,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face

Henceforth of God or angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as eevening: cover me ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may * for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some tree whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So COUNSEL'D he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose
The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch't, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,

* *1st, edition.* 2*d. and* 3*d.* from

And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waſte, vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' American ſo girt
With feather'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the trees on Iſles and woodie ſhores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind,
They ſat them down to weep, nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping over ſovran reaſon claim'd
Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadſt heark'n'd to my words, and ſtai'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wandring this unhappie morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee; we had then
Remain'd ſtill happie, not as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve
The faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have paſt thy lips, Adam ſevere,
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wandring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps: hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facil then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay, didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fixt in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.
To whom then firſt incenſt Adam repli'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſt
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemie
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,

And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee, but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in women overtruſting
Lets her will rule; reſtraint ſhe will not brook,
And left to herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
THUS they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

The End of the ninth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the hainous and despightful act
of satan done in paradise, and how
He in the serpent, had perverted EVE,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n; for what can scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceave his heart
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not satan to attempt the mind
Of man with strength entire, and free will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulst
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remem-
The high injunction not to taste that fruit, [ber'd
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into heav'n from paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the suttle fiend had stoln
Entrance unseen. soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes

Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the throne supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the most high
Eternal father from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
ASSEMBL'D angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulph from hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad errand, man should be seduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounc't that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent son, to thee I have transferr'd
All judgement, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.

Easi'd it might be seen that I intend
Mercie collegue with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd
Both ransom and redeemer voluntarie,
And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'n.
SO SPAKE the father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his glorie, on the son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deitie; he full
Resplendent all his father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
FATHER eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
Supream, that thou in me thy son belov'd
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercie, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor traine, where none
Are to behold the judgement, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebell to all law
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
THUS saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him thrones and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant
Accompanied to heaven gate, from whence

Eden and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of God's
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon, and gentle aires due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild judge and interceſſor both
To ſentence man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft windes
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd, they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud,
WHERE art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unſaught:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though firſt
To offend, diſcount'nanc't both, and diſcompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faultring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I HEARD thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious judge without revile repli'd.
MY voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,

But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
TO WHOM thus Adam sore beset repli'd.
O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my judge, either to undergoe
My self the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
TO WHOM the sovran presence thus repli'd.
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd

Her's in all real dignitie: adorn'd
she was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection, and her gifts
were such as under government well seem'd,
unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
SO HAVING said, he thus to EVE in few:
say woman, what is this which thou hast done?
TO WHOM sad EVE with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
confessing soon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.
THE serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.
WHICH when the LORD GOD heard, without delay
To judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
of mischief, and polluted from the end
of his creation; justly then accurst,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
concern'd not man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet GOD at last
To satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
BECAUSE thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all cattel, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt goe,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verifi'd
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the aire; then rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the aire,
The realm itself of Satan long usurpt,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Eevn he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thornes also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' herb of th' field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return into the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judg'd he man, both judge and saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounc't that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now

Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume,
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As father of his familie he clad
Their nakedneſs with ſkins of beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the ſnake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the ſkins
Of beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his father's ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſt with man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was ſin'd and judg'd on earth,
Within the gates of hell ſat ſin and death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into chaos, ſince the fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to death began.
O SON, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idely, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides,
For us his ofspring deare? it cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his avengers, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,

Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathie, or ſome connatural force
Powerful at greateſt diſtance to unite
With ſecret amity things of like kind
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou my ſhade
Inſeparable muſt with me along:
For death from ſin no power can ſeparate.
But leaſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulfe
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal hoſt,
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and inſtinct.
WHOM thus the meager ſhadow anſwer'd ſoon;
Goe whither fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee, I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, ſuch a ſent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
SO SAYING, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on earth. AS when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,

Againſt the day of battel, to a field,
where armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
with ſent of living carcaſſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
So ſented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murkie air,
sagacious of his quarry from ſo far.
Then both from out hell gates into the waſte
wide anarchie of chaos damp and dark
Flew divers, and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters; what they met
solid or ſlimie, as in raging ſea
Toſt up and down, together crowded drove
From each ſide ſhoaling towards the mouth of hell.
As when two polar winds blowing adverſe
upon the cronian ſea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petſora eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian coaſt. The aggregated ſoyle
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident ſmote, and fixt as firm
As Delos floating once; the reſt his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
And with Aſphaltic ſlime; broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They faſten'd, and the mole immenſe wraught on
Over the foaming deep high archt, a bridge
of length prodigious joining to the wall
Immoveable of this new fenceleſs world
Forfeit to death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſie, inoffenſive down to hell.

So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the ſea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his way, Europe with Aſia join'd,
And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroak th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vext abyſs, following the track
Of Satan, to the ſelf ſame place where he
Firſt lighted from his wing, and landed ſafe
From out of chaos to the outſide bare
Of this round world: with pinns of adamant
And chains they made all faſt, too faſt they made
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The confines met of empyrean heav'n
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three ſeveral wayes
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to earth they had deſcri'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending, when behold
Satan in likeneſs of an angel bright
Betwixt the centaure and the ſcorpion ſtearing
His zenith, while the ſun in Aries roſe:
Diſguis'd he came, but thoſe his children dear
Their parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He, after Eve ſeduc't, unminded ſlunk
Into the wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
To obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her husband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought

Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The ſon of God to judge them, terrifi'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſt, return'd
By night, and liſtening where the hapleſs pair
Sat in their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which underſtoo
Not inſtant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his ofſpring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendious bridge his joy encreas'd.
Long he admiring ſtood, till ſin, his faire
Inchanting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.
O PARENT, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own,
Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no ſooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a ſecret harmonie
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion ſweet,
That thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy loo
Now alſo evidence, but ſtraight I felt
Though diſtant from thee worlds between, yet fel
That I muſt after thee with this thy ſon;
Such fatal conſequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obſcure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.

Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
within hell gates till now, thou us impow'rd
To fortifie thus far, and overlay
with this portentuous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world, thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foile in heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchie with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of satan (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of heav'n's almightie king)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so neer heav'n's dore
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your rode with ease
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to paradise descend;

There dwell and reign in bliſs, thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe and in the aire,
Chiefly on man, ſole lord of all declar'd,
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through ſin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevails, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be ſtrong.
So saying he diſmiſs'd them, they with ſpeed
Their courſe through thickeſt conſtellations held
Spreading their bane; the blaſted ſtars lookt wan,
And planets, planet-ſtrook, real eclips
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The cauſey to hell gate; on either ſide
Diſparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the barrs aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the reſt were all
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandaemonium, citie and proud ſeat
Of Lucifer, ſo by alluſion call'd,
Of that bright ſtar to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council ſate, ſollicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor ſent, ſo he

Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowie plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late
Heav'n-banisht host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduc't in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of forrein worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glorie since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, vertues, powers,

For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not onely of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurſt, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now poſſeſs,
As lords, a ſpacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which
By ſin and death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc't to ride
Th' untractable abyſs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wilde,
That jealous of their ſecrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproare
Proteſting fate ſupreme; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of abſolute perfection, therein man
Plac't in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happie: him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his creator, and the more to increaſe
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To ſin and death a prey, and ſo to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or allarm,

To range in and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, me alſo he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute ſerpent in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceav'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His ſeed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A world who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain! ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up and enter now into full bliſs.
SO HAVING ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leaſure, wondring at himſelf now more;
His viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſht in the ſhape he ſin'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all as acceſſories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall, thick ſwarming now

with complicated monſters head and tail,
scorpion and aſp, and Amphisbaena dire,
ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
And Dipſas (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the iſle
ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on ſlime,
Huge Python, and his power no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious chief;
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd
of ugly ſerpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathie; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
catcht by contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. there [ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fruit, like that
which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining

For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them furder woe or ſhame;
Yet parcht with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they rould in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnakie locks
That curl'd Megaera: greedily they pluck'd
The frutage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd; ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion, not as man [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once lapſt. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaſleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd,
Yearly enjoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for man ſeduc't.
However ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the heathen of their purchaſe got,
And fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictaean Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, sin there in power before,
once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her death
cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
on his pale horſe: to whom sin thus began.
SECOND of satan ſprung, all conquering Death,
what thinkſt thou of our empire now, though earn'd
with travail difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at hell's dark threſhold to have ſate watch
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
WHOM thus the ſin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or paradiſe, or heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corps.
TO WHOM th' inceſtuous mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flours
Feed firſt, on each beaſt next, and fiſh, and fowle,
No homely morſels, and whatever thing
The ſithe of time mows down, devour unſpar'd,
Till I in man reſiding through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
THIS ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral wayes,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' almightie ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent ſeat the ſaints among,
To thoſe bright orders utter'd thus his voice.

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me, so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,
Both sin, and death, and yawning grave at last
Through chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jawes.
Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:
Till then the curse pronounc't on both precedes.
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung halleluia, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? next, to the Son,
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom

New heav'n and earth ſhall to the ages riſe,
Or down from heav'n deſcend. Such was their ſong
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The Sun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solſtitial ſummers heat. To the blanc Moon
Her office they preſcrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetarie motions and aſpects
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Oppoſite,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyn
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Their influence malignant when to ſhowre,
Which of them riſing with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: to the Winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, Air, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcance
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the Centric Globe: Some ſay the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus with the Seaven
Atlantic Siſters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change

of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant flours,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' Horison, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and Caecias and Argestes loud
And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the south
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
Eurus and Zephir with their lateral noise,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,

Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
Beaſt now with beaſt gan war, and fowl with fowle,
And fiſh with fiſh; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor ſtood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him paſſing: theſe were from without
The growing miſeries, which Adam ſaw
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow abandon'd, but worſe felt within,
And in a troubl'd ſea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to disburd'n ſought with ſad complaint.
O MISERABLE of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurſt of bleſſed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happineſs: yet well, if here would end
The miſerie, I deſerv'd it, and would beare
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, Encreaſe and multiply,
Now death to hear! for what can I encreaſe
Or multiplie, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head, ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,

On me as on their natural center light
Heavie, though in their place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I sollicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:

O welcome hour whenever! why delay
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leaſt all I cannot die,
Leaſt that pure breath of life, the ſpirit of man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſin'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrauth without end on man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of power. Will he draw out,

For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſht man to ſatisfie his rigour
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſpheare. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroak, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſerie
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuitie; ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſteritie ſtands curſt: fair patrimonie
That I muſt leave ye, ſons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited how would ye bleſs
Me now your curſe! ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? but from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? him after all diſputes
Forc't I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction: firſt and laſt
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring

of all corruption, all the blame lights on me,
so might the wrauth. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
with that bad woman? thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fearſt, alike deſtroys all hope
of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To ſatan onely like both crime and doom.
O conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrours haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
THUS Adam to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill night, not now, as ere man fell,
wholſome and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: on the ground
outſtretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
of tardie execution, ſince denounc't
The day of his offence. why comes not death,
said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? ſhall truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice divine not haſten to be juſt?
But death comes not at call, juſtice divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowrs,
with other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong.
whom thus afflicted when ſad Eve beheld,

Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
OUT of my ſight, thou ſerpent, that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour ſerpentine may ſhew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leaſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the devil himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the ſerpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults,
And underſtood not all was but a ſhew
Rather than ſolid vertue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerarie
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopl'd higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This noveltie on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate

Mankind? this miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through femal ſnares,
And ſtraight conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake,
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe, or if ſhe love, withheld
By parents, or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſarie, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamitie ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve
Not ſo repulſt, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam, witneſs heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My onely ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As join'd in injuries, one enmitie

Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
On me alreadie lost, me then thyself
More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only just object of his ire.
SHE ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
UNWARIE, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath whose thou feelst as yet least part,
And my displeasure bearst so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer sex forgiv'n,

To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſe where, but ſtrive
In offices of love, how we may light'n
Each others burden in our ſhare of woe;
Since this days death denounc't, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac't evil,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy love, the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are ris'n,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By death at laſt, and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our loines to bring
Into this curſed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foule a monſter, in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent

The race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remaine:
So death ſhall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfie his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſerie
And torment leſs than none of what we dread,
Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek death, or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves;
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhew no end but death, and have the power,
Of many wayes to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy.
SHE ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as di'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to EVE repli'd.
EVE, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret

For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſerie, ſo thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be forſtall'd; much more I fear leaſt death
So ſnatcht will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacie will provoke the higheſt
To make death in us live: then let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the ſerpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on ourſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
Shall ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt ourſelves, and wilfull barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours only
Rancor and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought

Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I muſt earn
My bread; what harm? idleneſs had been worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leaſt cold
Or heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail and ſnow,
Which now the ſkie with various face begins
To ſhew us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſht with winds rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n [down
Kindles the gummie bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedie or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,

He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercie ſhon?
So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The end of the tenth Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THus they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
raying, for from the mercie-ſeat above
revenient grace deſcending had remov'd
he ſtonie from their hearts, and made new fleſh
egenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
nutterable, which the ſpirit of prayer
nſpir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with ſpeedier flight
han loudeſt oratorie: yet their port
ot of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
eem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
n fables old, leſs ancient yet then theſe,
eucalion and chaſte Pyrrha to reſtore
he race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
f Themis ſtood devout. To heav'n their prayers
ew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
own vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
mentionleſs through heav'nly dores; then clad
ith incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
their great interceſſor, came in ſight
fore the father's throne: them the glad ſon
eſenting, thus to intercede began.
e father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung
om thy implanted grace in man, theſe ſighs
d prayers, which in this golden cenſer, mixt
ith incenſe, I thy prieſt before thee bring,

Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
sown with contrition in his heart, than those
which his own hand manuring all the trees
of paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;
unskilful with what words to pray, let me
interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation, all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receave
The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shal yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.
TO WHOM the father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for man, accepted son,
obtain, all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt

corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortalitie: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedie, and after life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak't in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw;
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.
HE ENDED, and the son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd, he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowrs
Of Amarantin shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where ere they sate
In fellowships of joy: the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supream
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.
O SONS, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got,

Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by itſelf, and evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
My motions in him, longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Leaſt therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.
MICHAEL, this my beheſt have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriours, leaſt the fiend
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholie, and denounce
To them and to their progenie from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leaſt they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoft'nd and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To Adam what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee enlighten, intermix
My cov'nant in the woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the eaſt ſide of the garden place,

where entrance up from Eden eaſieſt climbs,
cherubic watch, and of a ſword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the tree of life:
Leaſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To ſpirits foule, and all my trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n fruit man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' archangelic power prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their ſhape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than thoſe
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſtoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To reſalute the world with ſacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalm'd
The earth, when Adam and firſt matron Eve
Had ended now their oriſons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
Eve, eaſily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from heav'n deſcends;
But that from us aught ſhould aſcend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bleſt, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will prayer,
Or one ſhort ſigh of human breath, up-born
Ev'n to the ſeat of God. For ſince I ſaught
By prayer th' offended deity to appeaſe,

Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; perſwaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breaſt, and to my memorie
His promiſe, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.
To whom thus Eve with ſad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſour, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I who firſt brought death on all, am grac't
The ſource of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving. But the field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs night; for ſee the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſie progreſs ſmiling; let us forth,
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſome in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.

SO SPAKE, so wish'd much-humbl'd EVE, but fate
Subscrib'd not; nature first gave signs, imprest
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of JOVE, stoopt from his airie tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forrest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to EVE thus spake.
O EVE, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav'n, by these mute signs in nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more.
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and ore the ground
One way the self same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud that draws
O're the blew firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught;
HE err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a skie of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made alt,
A glorious apparition, had not doubt

And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appeer'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who to ſurprize
One man, aſſaſſin-like had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright ſtand, there left his powers to ſeiſe
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcrie
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly hoſt, and by his gate
None of the meaneſt, ſome great potentate
Or of the thrones above, ſuch majeſtie
Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear, nor ſociably mild,
As Raphael, that I ſhould much confide,
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' archangel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A militarie veſt of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain

Of sarra, worn by kings and hero's old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the wooff;
His ſtarrie helme unbuckl'd ſhew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſtering zodiac hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
ADAM, heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeiſure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'ſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'ſt cover: well may then thy lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.
HE added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtrook with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O UNEXPECTED ſtroke, worſe then of death!
Muſt I thus leave thee Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee native ſoil, theſe happie walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flours,

That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall reare ye to the sun, or ranke
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly nuptial bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild, how shall we breath in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?
WHOM thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not EVE, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
ADAM by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.
CELESTIAL, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happie place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate;
On this mount he appeer'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would reare
Of grassie terfe, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gumms and fruits and flours:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benigne.
Adam, thou know'st heav'n his, and all the earth,

Not this rock only; his omniprefence fills
Land, fea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to poffefs and rule,
No defpicable gift; furmife not then
His prefence to thefe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradife or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital feat, from whence had fpred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this praeeminence thou haft loft, brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy fons:
Yet doubt not but in vallie and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Prefent, and of his prefence many a fign
Still following thee, ftill compaffing thee round
With goodnefs and paternal love, his face
Exprefs, and of his fteps the track divine.
Which that thou mayft believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am fent
To fhew thee what fhall come in future days
To thee and to thy ofspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, fupernal grace contending
With finfulnefs of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious forrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either ftate to bear,
Profperous or adverfe: fo fhalt thou lead
Safeft thy life, and beft prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paffage when it comes. Afcend

This hill; let Eve (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slepst, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou leadst me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,
However chastning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. so both ascend
In the visions of God: it was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in cleerest ken
Stretcht out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinaean kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sate, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port

Ercoco and the leſs Maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fardeſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almanſor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco and Algiers, and Tremiſen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado: but to nobler ſights
Michael from Adam's eyes the filme remov'd
Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſie and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe ingredients pierc'd,
Eev'n to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That Adam now enforc't to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down and all his ſpirits became intrans't:
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds,

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reapt, the other part ſheep-walks and foalds;
I'th' midſt an altar as the land-mark ſtood
Ruſtic, of graſſie ſord; thither anon
A ſweatie reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green eare, and the yellow ſheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next
More meek came with the firſtlings of his flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering ſoon propitious fire from heav'n
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteame;
The others not, for his was not ſincere;
Whereat he inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was Adam in his heart
Diſmai'd, and thus in haſte to th' angel cri'd.
O Teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is pietie thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, repli'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envie that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,

Rowling in dust and gore. To which our sire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
of death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What miserie th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noysome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
of heart-sick agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Daemoniac phrenzie, moaping melancholie
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophie,
Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;

And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook, but delaid to ſtrike, though oft invok't
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs,
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O MISERABLE mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
Better end here unborn. why is life giv'n
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſt in peace. can thus
Th' image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? why ſhould not man,
Retaining ſtill divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his maker's image ſake exempt?
THEIR maker's image, anſwer'd Michael, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilifi'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of Eve.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Disfiguring not God's likeneſs, but their own,

or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac't
while they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
I YIELD it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
THERE is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatſt and drinkſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maiſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluckt, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will [change
To wither'd weak and gray; thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgoe,
To what thou haſt, and for the air of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of life. To whom our anceſtor.
HENCEFORTH I flie not death, nor would prolong
Life much bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this combrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michael repli'd,

NOR love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
HE look'd and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of cattel grazing: others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords was ſeen: his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the forge
Labouring, two maſſie clods of iron and braſs
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To ſome cave's mouth, or whether waſht by ſtream
From underground) the liquid ore he drein'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own tools; then what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil or grav'n in mettle. After theſe,
But on the hither ſide a different ſort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their
Down to the plain deſcended: by their guiſe [ſeat,
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walkt, when from the tents behold
A bevie of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dreſs; to the harp they ſung

Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;
And now of love they treat till th' eevning ſtar
Love's harbinger appeer'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage rites invok't;
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.
Such happie interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flours,
And charming ſymphonies attach'd the heart
Of Adam, ſoon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus expreſs'd.
TRUE opener of mine eyes, prime angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, than thoſe two paſt;
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe,
Here nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.
TO WHOM thus Michael. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
Thoſe tents thou ſawſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear
Of arts that poliſh life, inventers rare,
Unmindful of their maker, though his ſpirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd nought.
Yet they a beauteous ofſpring ſhall beget;
For that fair female troop thou ſawſt, that ſeem'd

of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
yet empty of all good wherein consists
woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roule the eye,
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titl'd them the sons of God,
shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep.
TO WHOM thus Adam of short joy bereft.
O pitie and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so faire, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.
FROM man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts receav'd.
But now prepare thee for another scene.
HE look'd and saw wide territorie spred
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towrs,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatning war,
Giants of mightie bone, and bould emprise;
Part wield their arms, part courb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustring stood;

One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meddow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their bootie; scarce with life the shepherds flye,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattel pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field
Deserted: others to a citie strong
Lay siege, encampt; by batterie, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulfurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd haralds call
To council in the citie gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriours mixt,
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael; these are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou sawst:
Where good with bad were matcht, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mixt,
Produce prodigious births of bodie or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those dayes might onely shall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic vertu call'd;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glorie, and for glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerours,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the most High
Rapt in a balmie cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receave, to walk with God

High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs,
Exempt from death; to ſhew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes and ſoon behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd,
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar,
And all was turn'd to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting as befell,
Rape or adulterie, where paſſing faire
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broiles.
At length a reverend ſire among them came,
And of their doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtifi'd againſt their wayes; he oft
Frequented their aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs or feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the ſide a dore
Contriv'd, and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſeavens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons
With their four wives; and God made faſt the dore.
Mean while the ſouth wind roſe, and with black wings

Wide hov'ring, all the clouds together drove
From under heav'n; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd skie
Like a dark ceeling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roul'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shoar; and in their palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation; thee another floud,
Of tears and sorrow a floud thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to th' angel utterdst thus thy plaint.
O VISIONS ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Anough to bear; those now, that were dispenc't
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,

With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children, evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap't
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wandring that watrie desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas't, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would hav[e crown'd]
With length of happy days the race of man;[crown'd
But I was far deceav'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfould, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true vertue void;
Who having spilt much blood, and done much wa[ste]
Subduing nations, and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and slot[h,]
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war
Shall with their freedom lost all vertue lose
And fear of God, from whom their pietie feign'd
In sharp contest of battel found no aid

Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldlie or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th'earth ſhall bear
More then enough, that temperance may be tri'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only ſon of light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked wayes
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal rack.
No ſooner he with them of man and beaſt
Select for life ſhall in the ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heav'n ſet open on the earth ſhall powre
Rain day and night, all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned floud,

With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulph,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seales and orcs, and sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of deluge, as decai'd;
And the cleer sun on his wide watrie glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluces, as the heav'n his windows shut.
The ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appeer;
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spie
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O THOU who future things canst represent
As present, heav'nly instructer, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heav'n,
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watrie cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the earth?
TO WHOM th' archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea

surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
with man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his cov'nant: day and night,
seed time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt
shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

The End of the eleventh Book.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here th' archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.
Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-off'rings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,

will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
over his brethren, and quite dispossess
concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beasts shall be his game)
with war and hostile snare such as refuse
subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despight of heav'n,
or from heav'n claiming second sovrantie;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
with him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of hell;
of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A citie and towre, whose top may reach to heav'n;
And get themselves a name, least far disperst
In foreign lands their memorie be lost
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
obstruct heav'n towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls

Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mockt they ſtorm; great laughter was in heav'n
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work confuſion nam'd.
WHEREto thus Adam fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable ſon ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authoritie uſurpt, from God not giv'n:
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this uſurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh armie, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails groſs,
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?
TO WHOM thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational libertie; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapſe, true libertie
Is loſt, which alwayes with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government

From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthie powers to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: tyrannie must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annext
Deprives them of their outward libertie,
Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of servants, on his vitious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted wayes;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship; O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone

For gods! yet him God the most high voutsafes
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred and false gods, into a land
which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him showre
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his tents
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
of Moreh; there by promise he receaves
Gift to his progenie of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon east to the great western sea,
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoar
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon

Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom Faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The grandchild with twelve sons increast, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seaven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharao: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them [slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgements dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd,
Frogs, lice and flies must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattel must of rot and murren die,
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mixt with hail,

Hail mixt with fire muſt rend th' Ægyptian ſkie
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rouls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt with one midnight ſtroke all the firſt-born
Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as ice
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on drie land between two chriſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcu'd gain their ſhoar:
Such wondrous power God to his ſaint will lend,
Though preſent in his angel, who ſhall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;

On their imbattell'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shoar advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Least entring on the Canaanite allarm'd
War terrifie them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder, Lightning, and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Laws; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall atchieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants * what they besaught,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,

* *2d Ed.* *1st.* them their desire.

And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his cov'nant, over these
A mercie-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright cherubim, before him burn
Seaven lamps as in a zodiac representing
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fierie gleame by night,
Save when they journie, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed: the rest
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourne,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome; so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
HERE Adam interpos'd. O sent from heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find

Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplext with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
So many and so various laws are giv'n;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravitie by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowie types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws, to free

Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversarie serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac't
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for pietie renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecie, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd

Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcrowle,
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults
Heapt to the popular ſumme, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,
Their citie, his temple, and his holy ark
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud citie, whoſe high walls thou ſawſt
Left in confuſion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſeventie years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercie, and his cov'nant ſworn
To David, ſtabliſht as the dayes of heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edifie, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the temple itſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The ſcepter, and regard not David's ſons,
Then looſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed king Meſſiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a ſtar
Unſeen before in heav'n proclaims him come,
And guides the eaſtern ſages, who enquire
His place to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn angel tells
To ſimple ſhepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a quire

of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the most high; he shall ascend
The throne hereditarie, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.
O PROPHET of glad tidings, finisher
of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: virgin mother, haile,
High in the love of heav'n, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the son
of God most high; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.
TO WHOM thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
of head or heel: not therefore joins the son
Manhood to god-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemie; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
Which he, who comes thy saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd

on penaltie of death, and suffering death,
The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So onely can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurst, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives, death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By faith not void of works: this god-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,

In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of Satan, cruſh his ſtrength
Defeating ſin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings
Than temporal death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on earth then certain times to appeer
To his diſciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his ſalvation, them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtreame, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach; for from that day
Not only to the ſons of Abraham's loines
Salvation ſhall be preacht, but to the ſons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſt.
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realme, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,

With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receave them into bliſs,
Whether in heav'n or earth, for then the earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our ſire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.
O Goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring,
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrauth grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our deliverer up to heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers then with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' angel; but from heav'n
He to his own a comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His ſpirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm

With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fierie darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompenc't,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecuters: for the spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force

on every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroul'd, or what the ſpirit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. what will they then
But force the ſpirit of grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort libertie; what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith not another's: for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavie perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpirit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpecious forms
Religion ſatisfi'd; truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſlandrous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appeer of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy ſaviour and thy lord,
Laſt in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits joy and eternal bliſs.
He ended; and thus Adam laſt reply'd.

How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only god, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my redeemer ever blest.
To whom thus also th' angel last repli'd:
This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the summ
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of god in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoydst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add vertue, patience, temperance, add love,

By name to come call'd charitie, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me encampt on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
Both in one faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happie end.
He ended, and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bowre where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receav'd.
Whence thou returnſt, and whither wentſt, I k
For God is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great goo
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and hearts diſtre
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;